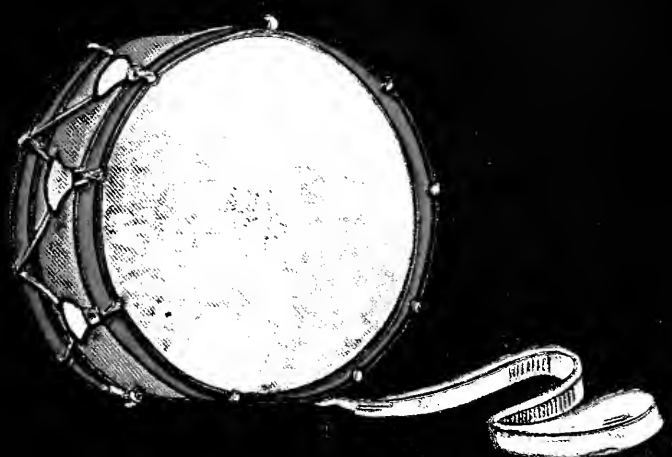
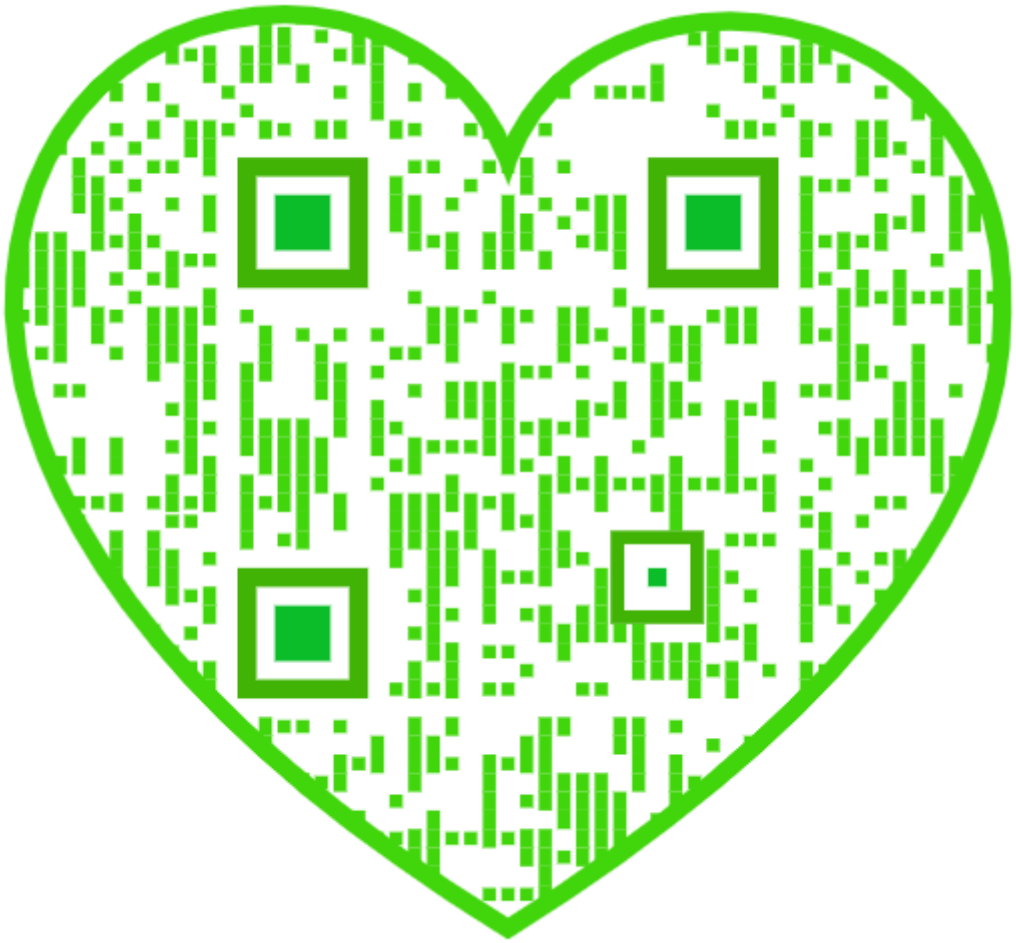
HORSE FOOT AND DRAGOONS

RUFUS F. ZOGBAUM





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GIFT OF FAIRMAN ROGERS.

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HORSE, FOOT, AND DRAGOONS

SKETCHES OF

ARMY LIFE AT HOME AND ABROAD

BY

RUFUS FAIRCHILD ZOGBAUM

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

NEW YORK
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1888

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TO

MY FRIENDS

IN THE

ARMY OF THE UNITED STATES

164922

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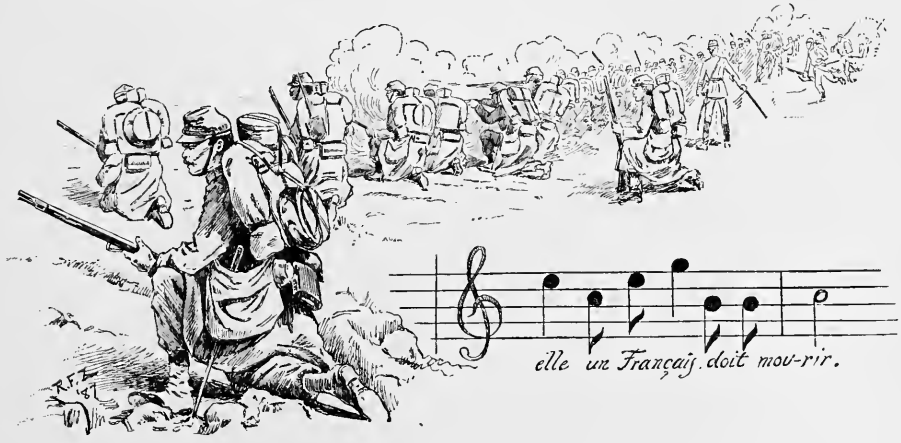
Le Chant du Départ

La Pa - trie nous appel - le, suchons
vaincre ou suchons périr, un Français doit vi - vre pour
el - le, pour elle un Français doit mou - rir, un Français doit vi - vre pour el - le, pour



FRANCE

WAR PICTURES IN TIME OF PEACE

WAR PICTURES IN TIME OF PEACE.

THE last bars of the cavalry reveille aroused me, and I sat up, rubbing my eyes and gathering my straggling wits. Again, right under my window, I heard the music, and now thoroughly awakened, I sprang out of bed. I was in a room over the stables of a tavern in a small town in Normandy, where I had joined the troops the night before, with the intention of accompanying them during the autumn manœuvres, when the French army takes the field, each corps in territory assigned to it, there to prepare the troops by practice in the details of a campaign for the more serious business of real warfare.

The day was just dawning in a wet gray sky as I dressed myself and looked from my window on the court of the tavern, a long, square, paved enclosure, bounded on three sides by irregular two-storied buildings of brick and stone, while, on the fourth side, a huge archway under an ancient tower per-

mitted a glimpse across a street to an orchard beyond. In the lower stories were the tap-room, kitchen, stables, etc.; the sleeping-rooms were above, opening on wooden galleries wet with the dripping of the rain from the overhanging eaves of the tiled and moss-grown roofs.

Under a shed in one corner of the yard some cavalry soldiers —chasseurs-à-cheval—who had been quartered here overnight, had already lighted a fire, and the bugler lounging near them, his great-coat hanging from his shoulders in heavy folds, his bugle over his arm, and his shako pulled down over his eyes, listlessly chewed a bit of straw, as, hands buried in the pockets of his wide, leather-bordered trousers, he watched his comrades in their preparations for breakfast. One or two sleepy soldiers, yawning and stretching their limbs, the litter and straw still clinging to their hair and clothing, appeared at the doors of the stables, or shambled off about some early duty, dragging their hobnailed boots over the stones, oblivious of an occasional puddle, while the stable guard stood under the archway, in relief against the wet road and gray trees of the orchard, where the smoke of some other early fires mingled with the mist of the falling rain.

Gradually the light increased, silvering the roof-tops and casting long reflections of the old buildings in the now bright surface of the pavement.

A smart sergeant clattered through the archway, and his authoritative voice was immediately heard, putting something like life into the sleepy soldiers, and evidently reminding the bugler that he had something else to do than to toast his toes at the fire; for, drawing his hands from his pockets and dropping his bit of straw, he assumed a wide-awake look, strode across the court, and disappeared through a door-way.

The others also showed some alacrity, and began leading out

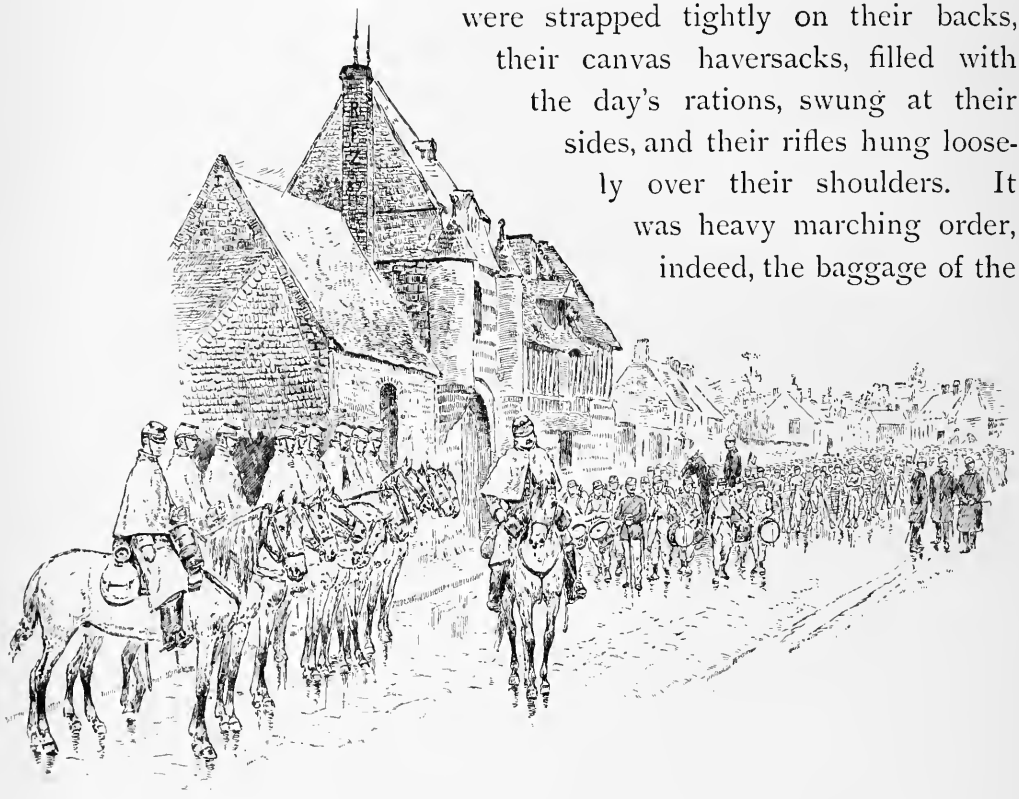
A CORNER OF THE INN-YARD—EARLY MORNING.

their horses and grooming them, hissing at their work like so many serpents, and pausing occasionally to swallow a hot cup of coffee which, with an enormous piece of bread, was handed them by a comrade. The door of a bedroom opposite mine opened, and an officer in shirt-sleeves and slippers, and wiping his hands on a towel, leaned over the railing of the gallery and called to his servant for his boots.

The horses were standing in long lines under the sheds, saddles and equipments were being put on, and sabres were clanking as the soldiers moved about, when I descended to the coffee-room, which I found already filled with officers of the staff. They were coming and going, or sitting at the tables drinking their coffee and smoking their morning cigarettes. All rose as the general, a handsome old soldier clad in the tasteful fatigue uniform of a general of division, entered the room, and raising his gold-laced fatigue-cap in recognition of the salute, with a hearty "Bonjour, messieurs!" led the way through the door to the yard, where the horses were now in readiness, the cavalry escort drawn up behind, the men, shakos strapped under their chins, great-coats on, carbines slung over their shoulders, sitting motionless on their horses. The staff mounted, and, the general at the head, moved out through the archway and rode up the village street, which was already filled with troops from end to end.

Six o'clock struck from the tower of the old Norman church when the head of the infantry column, a battalion of chasseurs-à-pied, the picked light-infantry of the French army, crossed the market-place, their bugles sounding a march. They moved with astonishing rapidity, with the quick, short step peculiar to this corps, and were followed close on their heels by column after column of troops of the line in heavy marching order, and in their ungraceful fatigue uniform. The long skirts of their

great-coats were folded back from their legs, clad in the regulation scarlet trousers and leather gaiters. Their knapsacks, some with short-handled pick and shovel, others with cooking utensils blackened by recent contact with fire, others again with huge loaves of bread fastened to them, were strapped tightly on their backs, their canvas haversacks, filled with the day's rations, swung at their sides, and their rifles hung loosely over their shoulders. It was heavy marching order, indeed, the baggage of the



French infantryman weighing twenty-eight kilogrammes (about fifty-six pounds English), exclusive of their ammunition, of which each man carries ninety cartridges.

The rain was falling in torrents as we passed out of the town and struck the "Route de Paris"—the broad national highway running from the coast towns to the capital—and the order to march at ease was passed down the column. The ranks opened

THE MARCH IN THE RAIN.

out a little, rifles were shifted, pipes lighted, and breaking into a song, the troops tramped gayly forward through the mud and mire, to the admiration and astonishment of the inmates of the occasional farm-houses we passed. At one farm a number of youngsters had rushed out of the houses and stood by the roadside, gazing with wide-opened eyes at the unusual sight. All had a slice of bread and a bowl of soup in either hand, which they steadily continued to dispose of, stopping now and then only long enough to grin at the chaff of the soldiers. The women looked on admiringly, and one vivacious lady wondered loudly why there was no music, while one of the farm-hands, in his quality of old soldier, explained that, "en campagne," troops dispense with much of the fuss and feathers of the "piping times of peace."

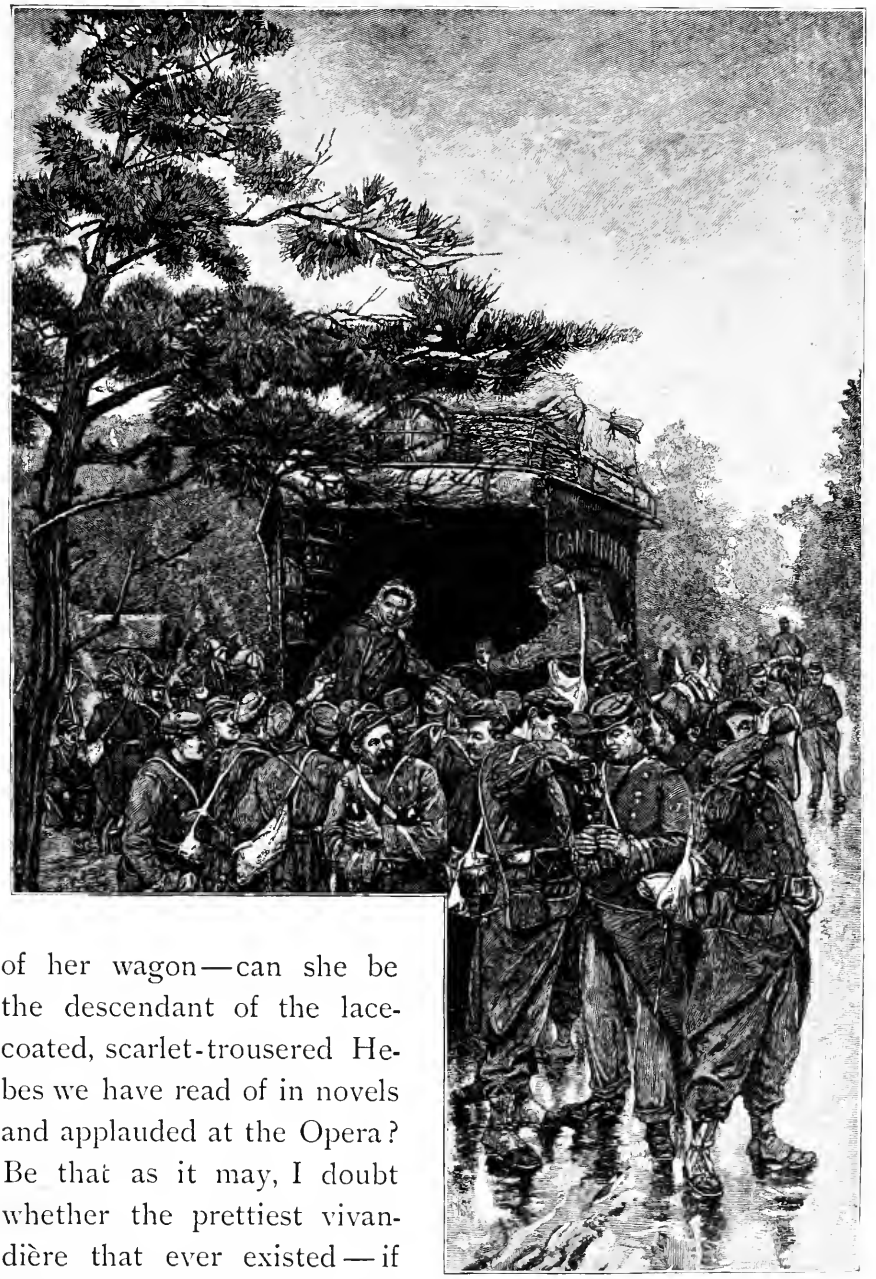
Some of my friends among the officers described the plan of the manœuvres to me as we marched along. The enemy, represented by a body of troops about equal in number to our own, were supposed to have landed on the coast, and to be threatening two important commercial and manufacturing towns of France. Our objective point was Yvetot, on the line of the railway between Havre and Rouen, and we expected to meet them near there, their headquarters being that day probably at a place called Bolbec, situated a few kilometres from the town we were then marching on.

We had been on the road for four or five hours when suddenly we heard a shot, followed immediately by several others, directly in our front, and the column came to a halt. We saw some movement up the road, where it disappeared over the top of a hill, commands were heard, and the troops began to move off to the right and left, and form in column of battalions in the fields. The foremost regiments threw out squads of skirmishers, the men moving at a run up the rising ground in our front.

A red and white guidon, fluttering among a group of horsemen on the highest point of the ascent, indicated the position of the staff, and towards it I hurried to ascertain what was going on, arriving in time to see a reconnoitring party of the enemy's cavalry disappearing in a line of woods in the valley below, pursued by a troop of our own. They wore white linen covers over their shakos to distinguish them from our men, and as their line vanished into the shadow of the trees, I could see them turning to give a parting shot or two. Our troopers soon returned, reporting no large body of the enemy in sight, and as the hour of noon had approached, orders were given to halt where we were.

The skirmishers rejoined their regiments, arms were stacked, ranks were broken, and preparations were made for the noon-day meal. Wherever the least shelter from the rain could be found, the men began to build their fires to make their coffee and heat their soup — hard work at first, for the ground was damp and the rain falling heavily; but as one succeeded, others borrowed the embers, and soon a hundred little fires were burning all over the fields, the smoke curling through the wet grass, and half hiding the groups of busy soldiers. The regimental canteens, huge, solidly built wagons, drawn by two and sometimes four horses, and presided over by the cantinière, or female sutler, of the regiment, came up from the rear, and were soon surrounded by chaffing, pushing throngs of soldiers.

Alas for the picturesque vivandière of by-gone times, the traditional "daughter of the regiment!" Where is she now? Can this fat old woman, her white cap fastened on her head by an old red shawl passing under her chin, and a much-worn private's overcoat thrown over her shoulders, striving with scolding voice and authoritative gestures to maintain a little order among her thirsty customers, as she stands behind the tail-board



THE CANTEENS.

of her wagon—can she be the descendant of the lace-coated, scarlet-trousered Hebes we have read of in novels and applauded at the Opera? Be that as it may, I doubt whether the prettiest vivandière that ever existed—if she ever did exist, and is not

wholly a creature of romance — could have been more popular, or have administered more fully to the comfort of her comrades, than did this obese old creature. Many of her calling have done noble deeds, and more than one has been decorated with the "Legion of Honor." I know of one, poor thing! who proudly wore her cross, and eked out a living by selling catalogues at a panorama in the Rue St. Honoré at Paris.

Having succeeded, thanks to the attention of the cantinière, in procuring my luncheon, I proceeded to discuss it under the hospitable shelter of a thick hedge, where a friend, the surgeon of one of the infantry regiments, joined me. The rain presently ceased falling, and an occasional ray of sunshine broke through the clouds. The men, most of them having finished their meal, were scattered about the fields, some of them drying their wet clothing at the fires, or lounging wherever they could find a comparatively dry spot to rest in; the officers were smoking and chatting together, and the musicians were assembling preparatory to giving us some music. An occasional aide-de-camp or orderly rode by, and now and then we heard a bugle signal, as some non-commissioned officer was summoned or a detail of service was to be attended to.

All at once there was a great commotion among the soldiers over in the fields on the other side of the road—men were running together from all points, shouting and laughing. We saw them kicking at something on the ground, and from our side a shout of "Un lièvre! un lièvre!" went up, as a poor hunted hare broke out from among them and rushed across the road, followed by the whole shouting, falling, kicking crowd. The poor creature ran close by us, and neither the doctor nor I had the heart to attempt to stop it; but its pursuers were too many for it, and finally it fell a victim to the sword of a burly sergeant. A *garde chasse*, game-keeper, who had vainly endeavored to

stop this unceremonious poaching on his master's preserves, loudly protested, but to no apparent purpose, as the sergeant sheathed his sabre (not made more glorious by the butcher's use it had been put to), and calmly walked off with his prize. One mess of "non-coms" had the addition of a succulent dish of roast hare to their supper that night, and that was all there was about it.

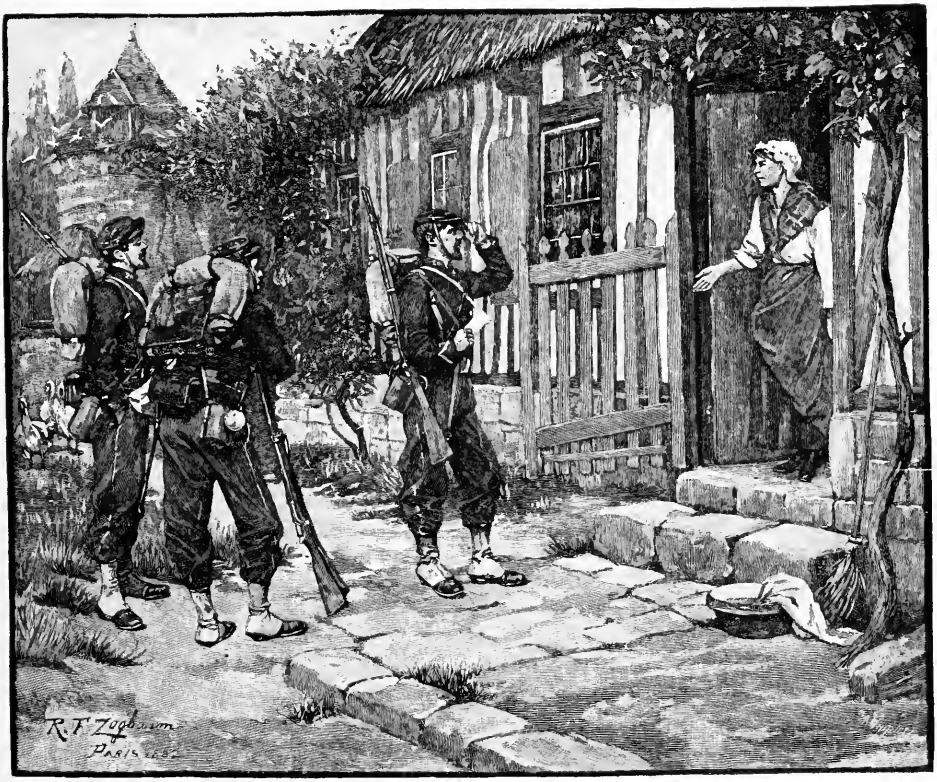
Meanwhile the band had assembled, and the gay strains of a quadrille from one of Offenbach's operas filled the air. Sets were quickly formed, and in spite of the fatiguing march of the morning and the mud and wet, the soldiers all over the fields were dancing and kicking about, gay, good-humored, and frolicking, dancing with a vim and enjoyment such as only Frenchmen can exhibit. An hour passed amid such scenes, when the bugles sounded. The men instantly fell in behind the stacks, knapsacks were slung, the piles of arms broken, and immediately the utmost order and quiet reigned, where less than a minute before everything had been confusion. The column moved into the road, and we were again tramping through the mire towards Yvetot. An hour or two of marching brought us to a little village, a suburb of the town, where the advance of the infantry which I had been accompanying halted, and I took leave of them, pushing forward alone in search of quarters for the night. The way led through a long, ugly street, bordered with unsightly trees and small detached houses. I passed an occasional cavalryman sitting on his horse at a street corner — for our cavalry, moving ahead of us, had already occupied the town— and in a few minutes reached the door of a comfortable hotel, where I was fortunate enough to find a room.

It was not long, however, before the main body of the troops followed, and the air was full of the music of their bands as regiment after regiment arrived and was dismissed. The troops

were billeted on the inhabitants, and the streets were crowded with soldiers in groups of two or three together, their paper billets in their hands, seeking their quarters, which were easily found, as the quartermasters had been in the town in advance, and on every door-post were chalked the numbers of the company and regiment, and of the men who were to be quartered in the house. This is considered by no means a hardship by the French people, and the soldiers were hospitably received. Military and civil life in France are closely allied, and nearly every one has some relative, a son, a brother, a husband, in the army; for, as is generally known, service for a time in the land or naval forces of France is compulsory to every citizen, no matter what his position in civil life may be, and so all realize that at some time their loved ones will be cared for in the same manner in some other part of the land; therefore, as a rule, they give what they can, cheerfully and even gladly, making of the arrival of their soldier guests in their midst a sort of little fête. Place is made for them everywhere, carts and horses are unceremoniously put aside to accommodate the cavalry and artillery, and usually peaceful stable and barn yards are speedily converted into impromptu barrack grounds.

The infantry had nearly all arrived, when the rumbling of heavy wheels, the clatter of iron hoofs on the paved streets, and the cracking of whips announced the approach of the artillery. Twenty-four pieces, with a like number of caissons, and the necessary wagons and forges for four batteries, the horses and guns covered with mud, the men tired and wet, wheeled up the street in front of the hotel, and went into park on the market-place.

Here all was life and commotion. The guard had been told off, and occupied the Town-hall; the men for this duty were already lying on the benches under the arches of the building,



THE "BILLET DE LOGEMENT."

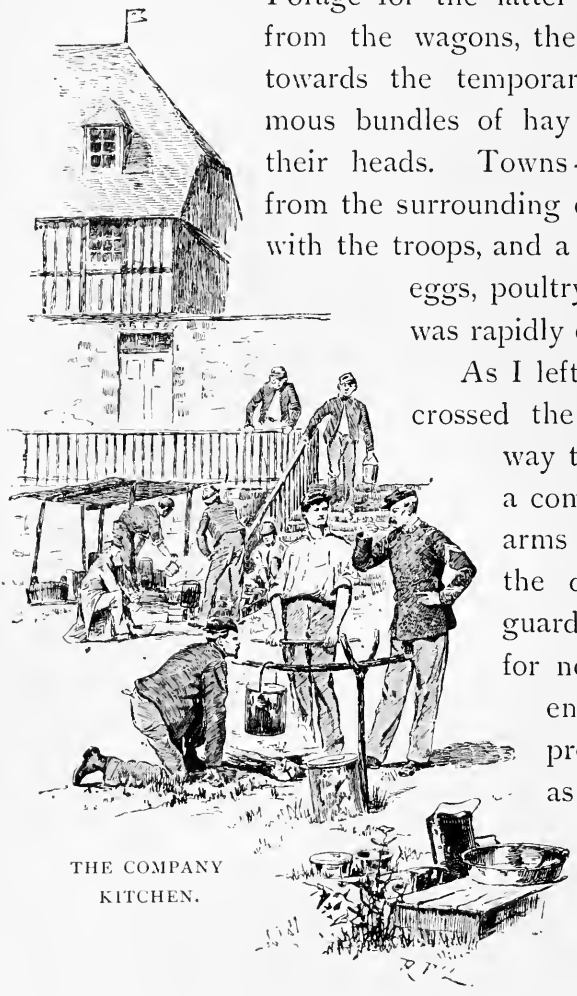
while the sentry stood outside in front of the row of stacks, up to his ankles in a heap of straw to keep his feet out of the mud. At one end of the house the surgeons' offices and ambulances were established. The wagons were backed up against the walls, and the ambulance-tenders, hospital stewards, etc., were

AT THE DOCTOR'S.

moving about on various errands. Through the open door-way I could see the doctor, with his assistants, examining the invalids, there being naturally a few cases of sickness among such a large number of men. There were not many, however, and the cases seemed to be light ones, for the doctor soon left, and a younger surgeon remained in charge. Under the market sheds on the opposite side of the place the rations of fresh meat were being distributed, the details taking it away in huge canvas bags, preparatory to converting it into soup.

In the court-yards and gardens numerous fires were burning

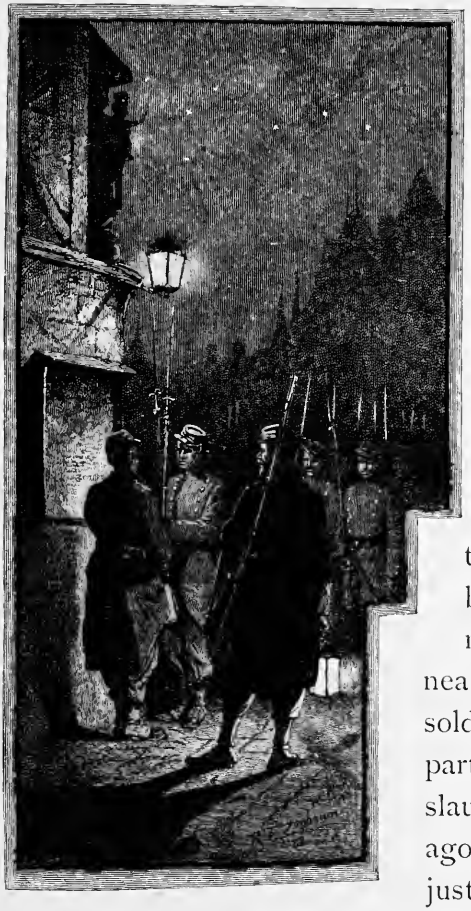
brightly, men of the infantry were cleaning their arms and accoutrements, cavalry and artillerymen in linen jackets and overalls were taking the mud off their harness and horses. Forage for the latter was being dealt out from the wagons, the men staggering off towards the temporary stables with enormous bundles of hay or sacks of oats on their heads. Towns-people and peasants from the surrounding country were mingled with the troops, and a brisk trade in butter, eggs, poultry, and like delicacies was rapidly developed.



THE COMPANY KITCHEN.

As I left the market-place and crossed the main street on my way to the railway-station, a company of troops under arms passed by. It was the detail for the grand guard and for the pickets, for now we were near the enemy, and the same precautions were taken as in actual warfare. Poor fellows! they did not look particularly cheerful at the prospect of spending the night in the open country, while their comrades had such a comfortable billet as Yvetot.

At the railway-station the commissariat (forming a special corps in the French service, having its own officers and *per-*



THE PATROL.

sonnel) had established its headquarters. Here the bakeries were in full operation. The bread is baked in cylindrical iron ovens, mounted on four-wheeled carriages, which accompany the troops wherever they go. The flour in this case had been brought to them by the railway, and the bakers were kneading the dough under some tents that had been pitched by the side of the track. A number of cattle were herded near, under the charge of some soldiers of the subsistence department, and some had been slaughtered but a short time ago, the meat from which I had just seen distributed.

The sun was setting as I returned to my hotel, and its rays, striking behind the trees up against the evening sky, cast long shadows on the glistening wet streets, and bathed the rows of houses in a strong flood of light. Relieving dark against their white walls were lines of troops, their forms reflected in the wet mud, standing silently and almost motionless, save for the quick movements of the manual of arms as their officers passed along their lines inspecting their pieces and accoutrements. The roll was called, the ranks were broken, and the labor of

the soldiers, excepting those detailed for special duties, was over for the day.

Then, as the evening advanced, the cafés filled, the click of billiard balls or the rattle of dominoes on the wooden tables, an occasional song or shout of laughter, were heard. Some of the soldiers were to be seen at the doors of their billets playing with the children, chatting with Madame, or smoking an evening pipe with Monsieur. There was no tattoo that night, for it is against regulations to make more noise than absolutely necessary when near the enemy. The patrol goes round, the

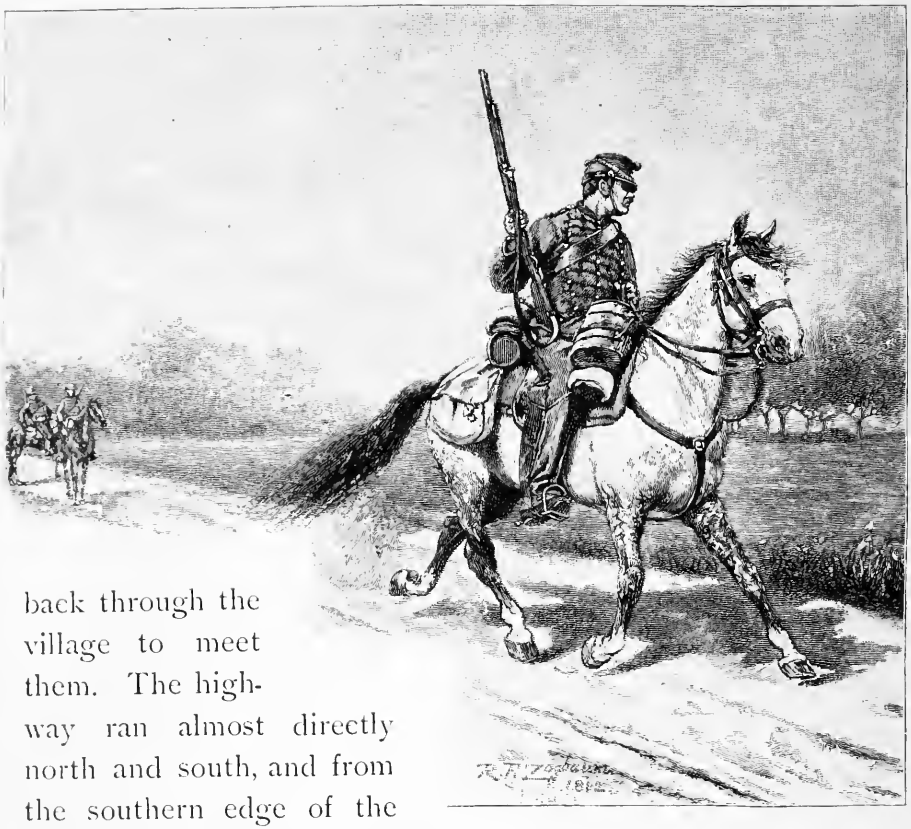
last party of merrymakers is turned out of the cafés, and by half-past nine the tired soldiers, from the general down to the lowest teamster, are all in their quarters.

Several days passed. We had frequent encounters with the enemy, and many interesting events took place. The day after our arrival at Yvetot was one of comparative quiet, and was passed by both parties in tactical formations and reconnoissances. On the following morning we attacked our opponents, but were repulsed, falling back upon Yvetot, and occupy-

ing a strong position on the line of hills in front of that town, where we in turn were attacked. This time, however, we had the pleasure of not only repulsing our antagonists, but of pursuing them, and taking possession of their lines of the day before, they retreating across the railway, and making a retrograde movement towards the north of their former position. Here we again took the offensive, and again they retreated, but checked us once more a day or two afterwards.

As I had not been able to find accommodations in the little hamlets occupied by my friends, I took leave of them for the nonce one evening, and took up my quarters in a more important town within the lines of the opposing forces, where I passed the night. Bright and early the next morning I was up and ready for my modest share of the day's work. Although it was but a few minutes after five o'clock when I passed into the village street, not a soldier was to be seen, nor was there the slightest indication that, when I went to bed the night before, there had been three or four thousand infantry and half a regiment of artillery in the town. One early riser, a peasant, of whom I inquired, informed me that the troops had left before sunrise, almost without a sound, and had gone up the highway back of the town, where, after a few minutes' walk, and with the aid of my glass, I discovered their line, their force greatly strengthened by the arrival of numerous other detachments from the adjacent villages, extended for some distance on some hills that ran nearly due east and west of the road. They were strongly posted, their infantry occupying two villages and all the outlying farms, and their artillery massed on their right and left. With my glass I could distinctly make out their guns in battery and the white shakos of their advanced cavalry pickets.

Knowing my friends would soon be on the move, I walked



THE SCOUT.

back through the village to meet them. The highway ran almost directly north and south, and from the southern edge of the town I could see for a long distance right down the straight, white road, until it disappeared in some woods. Not a soul was in sight, and no one would have thought that behind the woods in front of me were several thousand troops of all arms, who I knew must be already on the move. I had not long to wait, for as I scanned the edge of the forest I soon saw one or two dark objects, which I made out to be horsemen, moving out of the shadow of the trees into the fields, while simultaneously a group of a dozen or more appeared on the highway. They moved slowly forward a little way, and then halted. One or two trotted off to little emi-

nences, stopped for a moment, and then returned to the squad still standing in the road. Then one horseman detached himself from the group and came galloping towards me, while the others moved slowly along at a walk, those whom I had seen emerging from the woods into the fields, and whose line had since been lengthened by the arrival of others, keeping pace with them.

I watched the rider as he came up the road, his half-Arab horse moving with easy strides, mane waving and long tail streaming behind. As they approached, the gallop subsided into a trot, and the man, rising in his stirrups, peered over the hedges into the yards and orchards on either side of him, and I knew him for one of the soldiers of a troop of chasseurs-à-cheval, to the officers of which I was indebted for much kind attention and hospitality. The man recognized me too, and with a smile, raising his hand to his hat, inquired whether the enemy was in the town. "There was not one of them there half an hour ago," I replied, "but it seems to me I see something white among the trees of the orchard over yonder," and I pointed to a group of apple-trees about a quarter of a mile away, where, even as I spoke, a small body of the enemy's cavalry trotted out from behind a little farm-house. The soldier wheeled his horse, and giving it the spurs, dashed off to regain his comrades, who had evidently also perceived the enemy's scouts, for they again halted, and one of them galloped back towards some squads of infantry that had also debouched from the woods. These latter formed a line of skirmishers on the run, and advanced across the fields until within range of the hostile troopers, who, not waiting to receive their fire, turned their horses and slowly disappeared behind the town.

Again the chasseurs advanced, at first cautiously and then

more boldly, until they reached the first houses, where the young lieutenant in command halted his troop, and sent half a dozen of his men scurrying around the edges of the town on both sides. They returned in a minute or two, reporting the place evidently unoccupied and the way clear. Meanwhile we heard desultory firing over on our right and beyond our position, so pushed up the main street and out on the road to the point where I had first seen the enemy's line. My friends the chasseurs had not arrived a moment too soon, for not a hundred yards from us, crossing a wide field of turnips, we saw a number of the enemy's infantry advancing as skirmishers, with the evident intention of occupying a row of hedges and earthen walls which skirted the road, and from there delay the progress of our troops through the town. Our infantry, however, were right on our heels, and quickly seizing the hedges, at once opened fire. The enemy replied sharply, but fell back towards their main line, taking a position about half-way between it and us, and in front of a large farm surrounded by high walls and deep ditches.

The firing on our right had gradually increased, and developed into a sharp skirmish fire. We could see the enemy's first line of skirmishers slowly falling back, kneeling to load and deliver their fire, and then retreating a short distance to repeat the same manœuvre again. As the houses masked the view of the approach of our troops, I bade *au revoir* to the lieutenant, and made my way towards our right by a road that ran along the edge of the grounds of a fine old chateau, the inmates of which, ladies, children, and all, were perched on the walls of the garden enjoying the novel sight.

From a hill near by I had a full view of the field of battle. To my rear, and almost at my feet, lay the town, with the highway stretching back southward into the country, while to my

THE ATTACK.

right were open fields, crossed here and there by roads, and dotted with clumps of trees and detached farms. In front, and a little to my left, were the lines of the enemy and the large farm just mentioned, and which, I could now see, was filled with troops, lining the walls inside and lying in the ditches. Wherever there was a gate or an opening they had thrown up breastworks or constructed rifle-pits to protect themselves, and I could see the white caps shining in the sunlight as the owners peered over the little mounds of fresh earth.

The plain on my right was covered by our troops, infantry and artillery, all advancing by different roads, and beginning to extend their lines across the fields. I saw our skirmishers moving forward rapidly, and already up to the hill on which I stood, and which was also occupied by the staff.

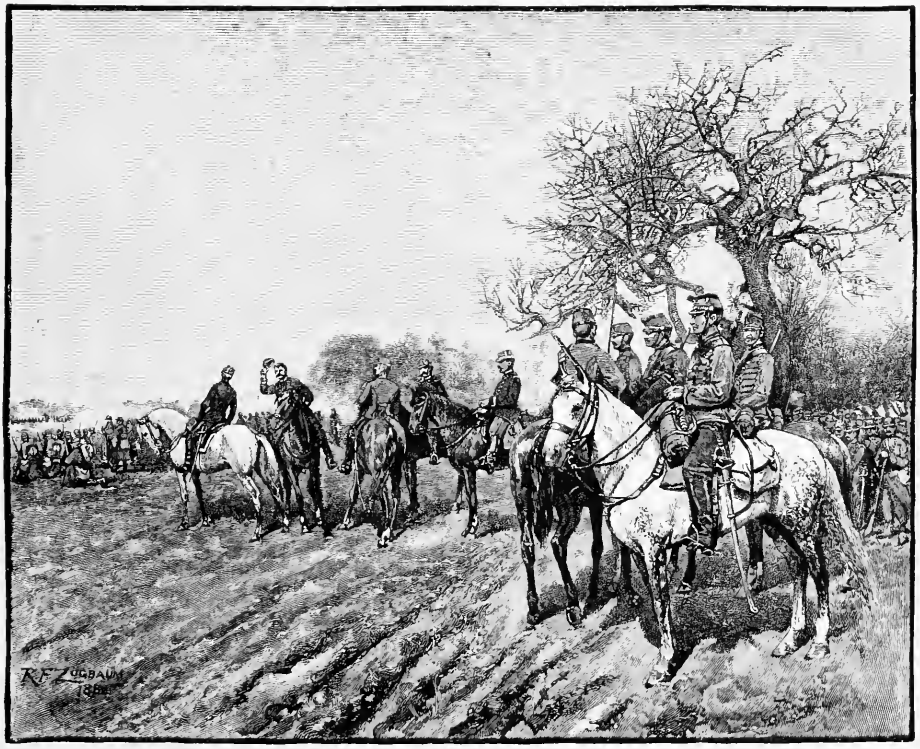
As the masses of infantry began to show themselves from behind the houses of the town, a heavy, distant boom, followed quickly by another and another, showed that they had been perceived by the enemy, as his artillery opened on them. But our men were not long in replying, and the earth shook as three six-gun batteries came rushing up the hill. The drivers cracking their whips as they leaned forward, urging on their powerful horses, straining and pulling as the heavy wheels sank in the soft earth, the officers waving their sabres and shouting their commands, bugles sounding, the scarlet guidons flying in the midst of the clouds of dust, the glints of light on the shining tires of the wheels, the rush of air as these, the most terrible engines of modern warfare, went tearing past me, presented a most stirring and exciting episode. They reached the top of the hill, unlimbered, and went into battery, and quick as thought, almost before the guns touched the ground, the thunder of their answer burst forth. Through the thick, steam-like powder-smoke that now enveloped the whole mass I could see the

figures of the cannoneers working like shadowy demons, and now and then the silhouette of a gun as it was run forward after the recoil, to again burst out in angry fire, blazing like lightning in the sulphurous vapor.

Our skirmishers crossed the road and directed their fire on the defenders of the farm. At first these replied slowly, but the supporting lines of our troops coming up, a continuous discharge of small-arms was opened on them, and the walls and ditches, the rifle-pits, seemed to be ablaze. Heavier and heavier grew the fire from our side as line after line moved forward, increasing the number of the attacking force until the fields in front of the farm were alive with men. Kneeling to fire, and taking advantage of every little break in the ground, every heap of earth, every tree and bush, they had finally pushed up close to the farm, when their bugles sounded a charge, and rushing forward with a shout, they swarmed over the ditches and walls and crowded into the enclosure, the enemy's soldiers as rapidly retreating, but keeping up a sharp fire as they pursued their way towards their main line.

Here, so far, all had been quiet, save from the batteries on their left, and only the white caps of their strong skirmish line, dotting the rising ground in front of the villages, were to be seen, their main body being hid by the houses and trees.

At this moment the artillery over on their right opened fire, as our left wing, that had been forming under cover of the town, showed itself on the plain. Sharp skirmishing followed, increasing in volume as it rolled towards our right, blazing out from the farm just taken, and flashing all along the enemy's line, as our whole force began to advance, preceded by lines of skirmishers and bristling with a fringe of spouting flame and smoke. The roar of musketry became deafening, and the fire of the enemy grew hotter and hotter, as the masses of the

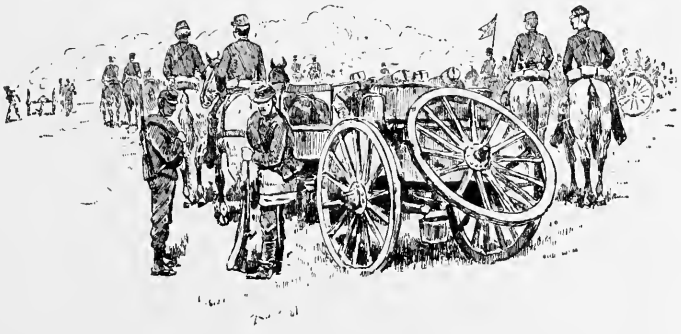


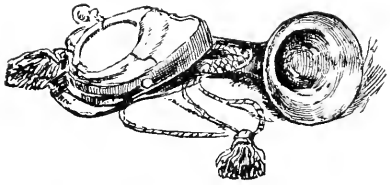
THE STAFF.

attacking forces poured in volley after volley in heavy crashes, until the dense clouds of smoke curled up among the distant trees and almost hid the landscape from view. It was a grand sight, and in the excitement of the moment one forgot that the stirring spectacle was but an imitation of the terrible realities of war.

It was now nearly noon, and as the opposing lines approached one another, the old general turned towards his aides, and in another moment half a dozen of them were flying down the hill at the top of their horses' speed, and disappeared in the smoke in the fields below. Simultaneously a hundred bugles sounded the order to cease firing, and the din subsided as if by magic.

There was a short pause. Slowly the smoke lifted and cleared away, the music of a dozen bands mingled in melodious confusion, the soldiers gave cheer after cheer as the columns of friend and foe moved off the field, and the "Grand Manœuvres" were over.





The British Grenadiers

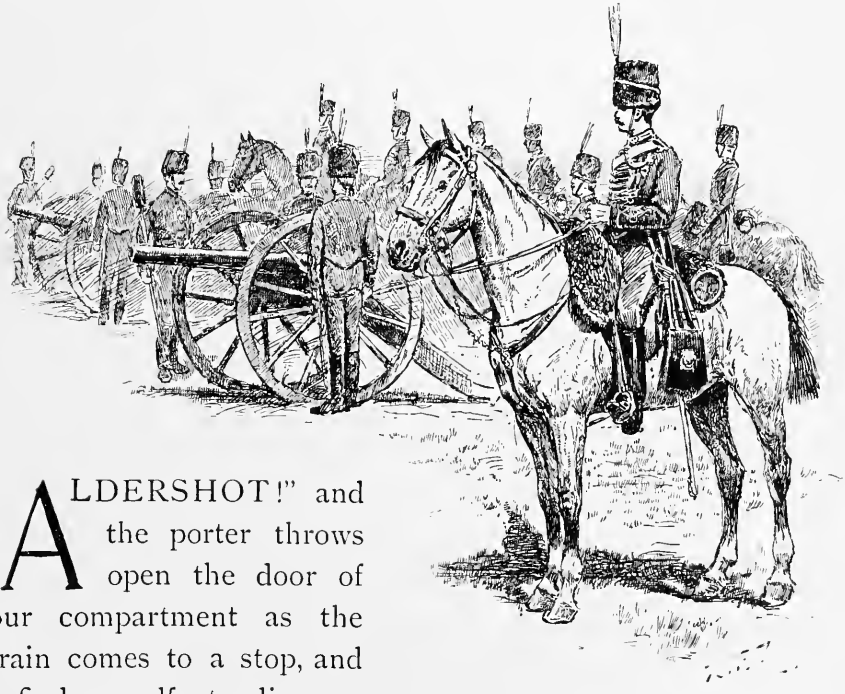
Allegro con Spirito

Some
Of
talk of Al-ex-an-der: And
Hec-tor and Ly-san-der: And
some of Her-cu-les. But of all the world's brave
Such great names as these.
heroes. There's none that can com-
-pare With a tow row row row
row row To the Brit-ish Gre-na-
-dier.

GREAT BRITAIN

A HOME OF TOMMY ATKINS

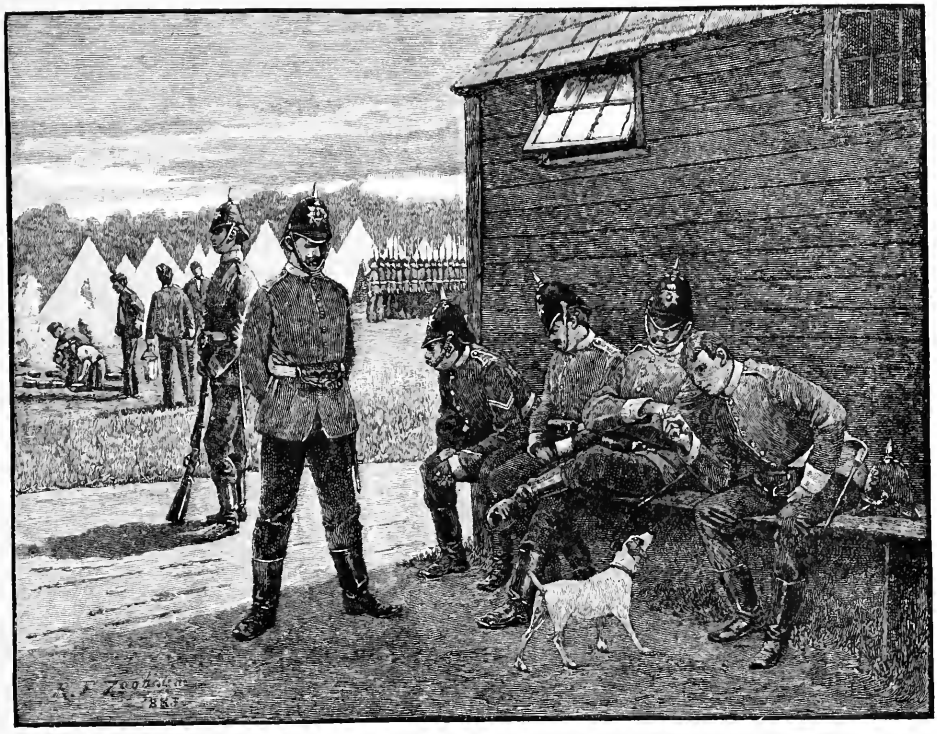
A HOME OF TOMMY ATKINS.



"ALDERSHOT!" and the porter throws open the door of our compartment as the train comes to a stop, and I find myself standing on the station platform among a crowd of fellow-travellers, patiently awaiting my turn to pass the ticket-taker, as we move slowly out to the street and the waiting line of cabs beyond the palings. The moment one alights one notices the military character of the place, so different from the many stations

we have passed on our short run down from London, and instead of the usual sober bustle of the average English railway-station, with its little knot of arriving and departing passengers, a score of scarlet coats with bright buttons, perhaps the white fatigue-jacket and swinging kilts of a barekneed Highlander or two, or the yellow braided and befrogged uniform of a horse-artilleryman, furnish a bright contrast to the brown corduroys of the railway officials and the quiet costumes of the few civilians in the little crowd. Confiding myself and my luggage to the tender care of a hansom cabman, the "double" of his metropolitan cousin, I am rapidly whirled along through a maze of rather shabby streets, lined with shops and small dwelling-houses, until, skirting the green lawns in front of the Royal Artillery barracks, we turn sharply up a hill and on to a broad, dusty, white road leading past the cantonments.

It is a bright, sunny morning, one of those rare English summer days, peaceful and calm, the blue sky broken with fleecy, drifting clouds casting their shadows on the purple, heather-covered hills and tawny, sandy valleys, and, by the ever-changing masses of light and shade, lending even to the monotonous rows of brown huts and yellow brick barracks of Aldershot Camp something of color and of the picturesque. There is little stirring in the straight side-streets running at right angles with our road, and lined with their rows of huts, intersecting each other with the regularity of the squares on a checker-board, as it is the hour of drill, and the troops are out on the parades or off at musketry drill, and we can hear now and then the far-off reports of their rifles or the distant blare of a bugle, while behind the white tents, gleaming brightly in the sunlight away over under Peak Hill, where some troops are lying under canvas, the cloud of dust rising from the "Dust Hole" betokens the presence there of the artillerymen at their

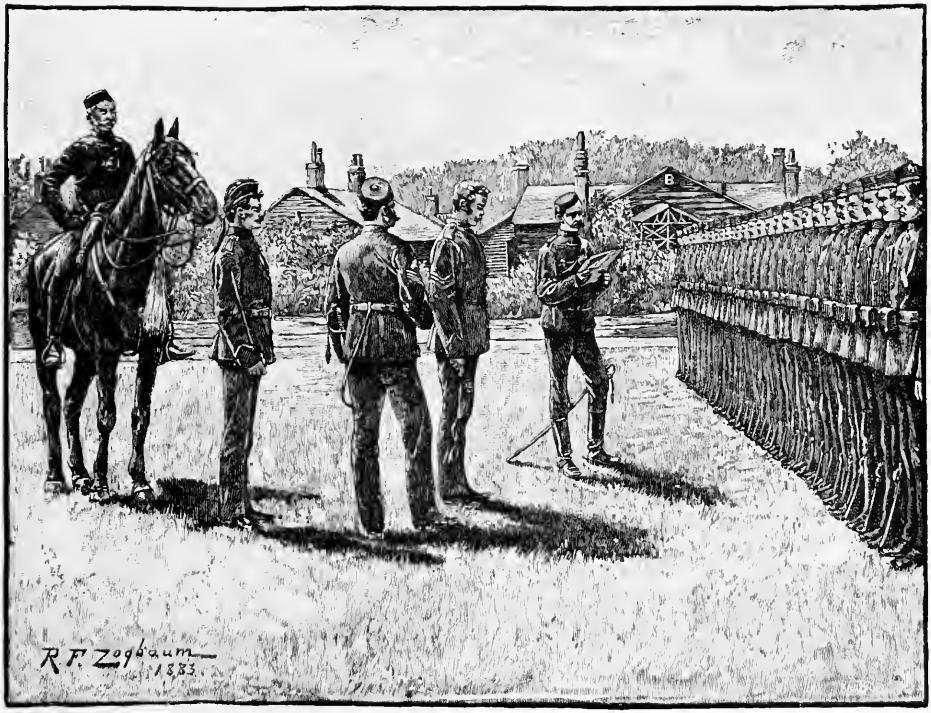


A GUARD-HOUSE.

morning exercises. We pass a guard-house where the sentry, rifle in hand, paces up and down his beat, and the men of the guard sit on benches on the shady side of the hut, lazily dozing, or sucking at their short pipes, while just beyond, marching and countermarching over a bare, dusty patch of ground, a squad of candidates for martial glory is undergoing the ordeal of the "setting-up" drill under the charge of a spruce sergeant. Now and then we meet a soldier engaged on some fatigue duty; a working party in their canvas overalls, picks and shovels on their shoulders, crosses the road; a smart hussar orderly, his busby strapped under his chin, and trappings clanking on his horse's flanks, trots by; the hum of

children's voices from the school-house near the married soldiers' quarters of some regiment strikes our ears; and in the trim little gardens about the officers' houses a man is working about the flower-beds. Passing the green lawns and well-trimmed hedges of the officers' club grounds, we roll over the bridge crossing the canal, catching a glimpse, as we do so, of some boating man leisurely sculling over the smooth, glassy surface, or an occasional angler, his red jacket reflected in the still water. Down in a pretty green valley, relieving picturesquely against dark masses of trees, lies an infantry camp, and on its edge some of the men are busy about the earthen ovens preparing the noonday meal. Rows of camp-kettles, half-hidden in little columns of blue smoke and the steam of their savory contents, are boiling and sputtering, pans of meat and potatoes are standing on the ground, ready to be placed over the fire. Some of the men are chopping wood or attending to the fires, while the cooks, coatless, and with their shirt-sleeves rolled above their elbows, are moving about in the trenches around the ovens or bending over their tasks.

As we turn a corner I catch sight of a body of troops coming towards us, their band playing an almost forgotten tune, an air that I had often heard in my own country, and it carries my memory back to the time when the sound of martial music was almost as familiar to American ears as the ringing of the church-bells. By their dark-green uniforms, so dark as to be almost black, I know them to be riflemen. They form one of the battalions of the "Royal Rifles," the "Royal Americans," raised originally in America, and which served there in the French and Indian War, still proudly bearing on its record the names of some of the bloody battles of that conflict, the result of which assured to the British crown the possession of the Canadas. We stop as they pass, marching with a quick, cadenced



A MEASURE OF DISCIPLINE.

step, middle-sized, sturdy fellows, their Glengarries cocked rakishly on one side of their heads, their shining black leathers and the silver ornaments on the officers' trappings gleaming brightly in the sunlight. There is a smart, tidy look about the men in spite of their hard morning's drill in the "Long Valley," and the consequent powdering of yellow dust they have received. I watch them as they wheel off the road, moving over the level surface of the "Queen's Parade," now being crossed in various directions by returning battalions, winding in scarlet-hued and glittering columns over the green turf, while the air is filled with the scream of the fifes and the stirring rattle of the drums. As it nears the lines of huts the battalion halts, and a group of men who have been awaiting its approach advances and takes position facing it, while at a command from their chief the officers sheathe their sabres, and leaving the ranks, form an irregular semicircle about him. A measure of discipline is to be enforced, and the men are to witness the punishment and disgrace of one of their number. The man, a sergeant, a rather good-looking young fellow, with crisp, curling blond hair and sunburned face, seems keenly to feel his position, as, under guard of a soldier with drawn bayonet, he stands with bowed head and cap in hand facing his comrades, while the adjutant, in monotonous, formal tones, reads aloud the record of his offence, his trial and his sentence. Hardly has the sound of the last words of the officer died away, when the sergeant-major, with a few rapid cuts of his knife, severs the chevrons from the sleeves of the culprit's tunic, and as the badges of his former rank drop to the ground, the latter, bringing his hand to his forehead in salute to his officers, rapidly marches down the front of the line and returns to his quarters. It was a painful scene, and seems to have made an impression on the men as they are dismissed and move silently off the ground.

My friends stationed at the camp receive me with the frank, generous hospitality of the British officer, and their kind and friendly treatment soon makes me feel thoroughly at home among them, free to come and go as I please, and to make my acquaintance with Tommy Atkins at my leisure. Just when and where he received his name seems to be a matter of doubt, judging from the reply of a gentleman who, in response to my inquiry regarding the origin of Tommy's cognomen, answered that it must have been derived from some joke in *Punch;* while according to others, Thomas Atkins is a fictitious personage, whose name is made use of in military forms very much in the same manner as those of the John Does and Richard Roes of legal documents. Be that as it may, "Tommy Atkins" is the name by which the British soldier is known all over the United Kingdom; and, take him for all in all, a right good, sturdy, broad-shouldered, well-fed, well-clad fellow he is. Perhaps nowhere in all the various garrisons and stations of the British army can his life in time of peace, and the generous manner in which his comfort and well-being, physically and mentally, are looked after, and his wants provided for, be seen to greater advantage than at Aldershot, the school at which thousands of those brave fellows are trained who by their courage and devotion uphold the honor of the nation in all quarters of the globe. All branches of the service are represented here—engineers, artillery, "horse, foot, and dragoons," and all the varied types of character in the army are to be met with, from the little drummer-boy born in the service to the hardened non-commissioned officer of a dozen campaigns. Magnificent types of the soldier these latter, as they pass through the streets with ringing strides, straight as arrows, neat as soap and water, pipe-clay and brush can make them, proud of their position and of their profession, and often exercising fully as much authority over

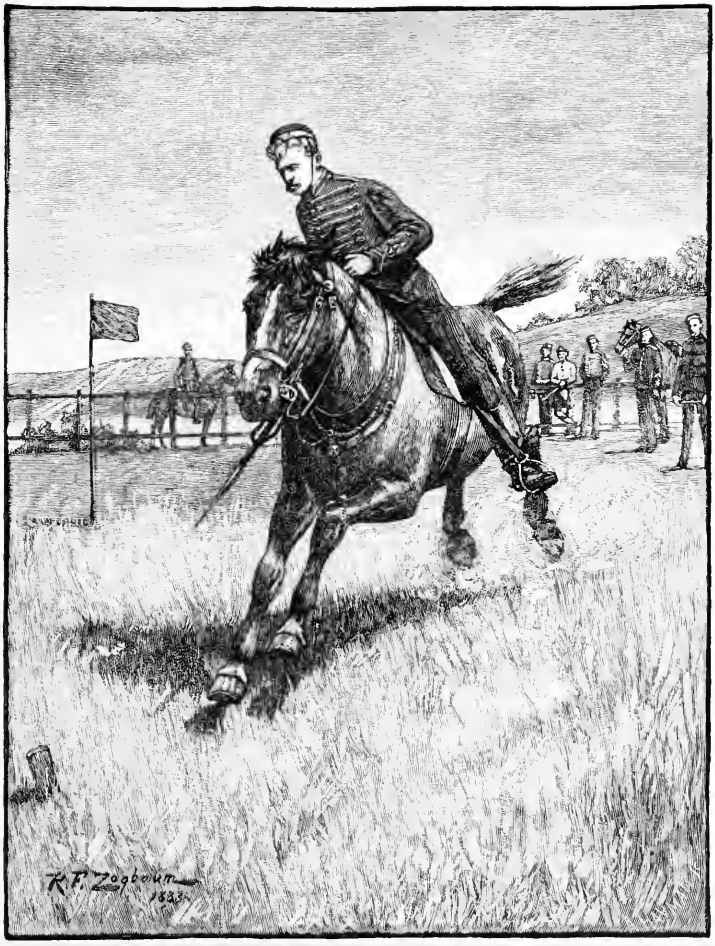
the men under them as the best of their officers. Authority of a different kind, perhaps, but with the military maxim, that to be able to command one must be able to obey, so ingrained in their very nature that they are the mainstay and dependence of their superiors. The discipline in the army is of the strictest nature, and "Tommy" has plenty of work to do; but his leisure moments are well provided for, and when he does honestly what his duty requires him to do, he has plenty of chance for recreation. His life has many advantages that his fellows in the same class of life as himself do not enjoy; for although there are without doubt many men of education serving in the ranks of the army, still by far the greater majority of the recruits is taken from the lower ranks of Great Britain's vast population, and "Tommy" is much better housed, clad, and fed than the great mass of the poorer classes of the people.

A canteen, where the soldier can purchase at moderate rates many of the little luxuries of life, libraries, reading, smoking, and recreation rooms, are attached to the large barracks at Aldershot. Here theatrical performances, often of considerable merit, considering the resources at their command, are frequently given by the men, and the soldiers can always rely upon the generous support of their officers in their amusements. The theatre or music-hall at the Royal Artillery Barracks is generally well attended almost any evening, and a good "song-and-dance" man enjoys no mean degree of popularity among his comrades. In a handsome building erected on one of the main streets of the town private enterprise has also liberally contributed towards the culture of the soldier's mind and the softening of some of the hardships of his life.

But it is in the innate love that all Englishmen bear for athletic sports that "Tommy" comes out in his full glory, and his officers do not disdain to meet him on equal grounds at

cricket, foot-ball, and other out-door games. Different branches of the service frequently meet in friendly rivalry, and many a match is played on the grounds of the officers' club between teams of various regiments or corps selected from among the officers and men, irrespective of their military rank. It is not an unusual sight to see a game among the officers "umpired" by some veteran non-commissioned officer skilled in all the intricacies of the national game of cricket.

The most interesting of the purely martial sports—if I can use the word in reference to what forms part of the drill of the cavalry and mounted artillery—are the exciting contests of sabre *versus* sabre or sabre *versus* lance, and the like, when some rival "rough-riders" are pitted against one another. One can easily imagine how the tournaments of old appeared, to see these active fellows, mounted on their fine horses, which seem to sympathize with and enter into the spirit of their riders, as, clad in stout leather tunics, their heads protected with strong wire masks, they charge down on one another, cutting, thrusting, and parrying, retreating and pursuing. Hard knocks are given and received with apparent good-humor, though I doubt not that long habits of discipline restrain many an honest fellow's temper when his blood is up. It is rough but manly work, and one does not wonder, on seeing what training they go through, that the British horsemen are renowned for their courage and dexterity. Another sport, in which the nerve and coolness that go so far towards making a good cavalier are displayed to great advantage, is tent-pegging, introduced, I believe, into the British army by the native cavalrymen of the Indian service. The player, armed with a light bamboo lance, puts his horse at full gallop over the course, and strikes with his lance-head a tent-peg protruding a few inches out of the ground, into which one end has been tightly driven. See how firmly

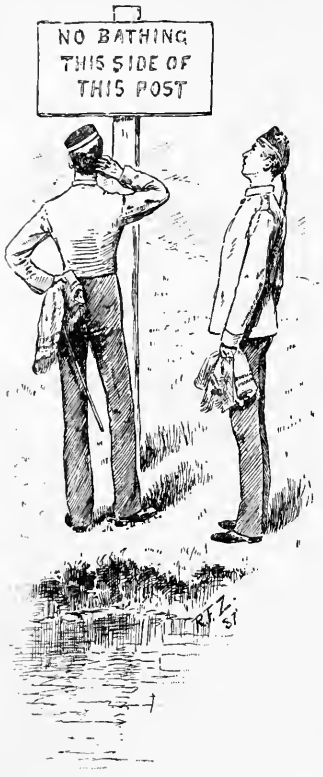


TENT-PEGGING.

yet lightly the soldier sits his horse, body bent forward, lance couched, thundering forward at the top of his charger's speed. Lower down on his horse's neck, a tighter clasp of the legs, nearer and nearer—the exact moment must be rightly chosen—a slight turn of the wrist of the practised bridle-hand—now! crash!—and he swings back upright into the saddle, waving the light lance triumphantly above his head with the splintered piece of wood transfixed on its iron point.

A favorite resort of the officers of the garrison and their families is the park-like enclosure of the "Club Grounds," with its pleasant groups of shade trees, its green, velvety lawns and winding paths, and the scene here on any sunny summer afternoon is an animated one. A large space is devoted to the game of lawn-tennis, and the swift, graceful movements of the players, among whom are many ladies, are watched with interest by little knots of admiring friends; their cries and laughter, a burst of applause at some more than usually dexterous play, mingle with the music of the band standing under the overhanging branches of the trees near the cricket-grounds, or in the pagoda-like bandstand. Every one, with the exception of an occasional soldier-servant or the bandsmen, is in plain clothes—for the English officer, unlike those of the Continental armies, wears his uniform only while actually on duty or at mess—and nearly every one is accompanied by his faithful four-footed companion, his dog. Dogs are everywhere, and dogs of good race, too, well-trained, and showing their aristocratic breeding: pugs, terriers—Fox, Scotch, and Skye—setters and pointers, and handsome silken-haired collies. Sitting on the benches, watching the players, or strolling about the grounds, are scores of pretty girls in bright summer toilets, with more than one of whom the young "Subs" in their train are enjoying a harmless flirtation.

A quiet row late in the afternoon with one or two agreeable



companions on the smooth waters of the canal, now in disuse, is a pleasure not soon to be forgotten. Gliding between its pretty banks, with their overhanging fringe of bushes and beds of water-weeds, one would scarcely realize that one is really in the midst of a vast camp, with all its busy bustle of military life, were it not for the occasional red-coat asleep in the shade of some group of trees, or idly angling in the still, calm waters. Once, too, we pass a sign-post, officially warning that there is "no bathing allowed this side of this post," although, as the post stands entirely alone, without any landmark near it, one is puzzled to know what side "this side" means; and it is easy to imagine Tommy's perplexity as, towel in hand, he meditatively scratched the back of his head when he read the order for the first time. However, he has evidently solved the problem, for farther on we pass a group disporting in the water, and the scarlet coats hanging on the trees, over the other heaps of clothing scattered about, demonstrate plainly enough that it is composed of soldiers. If they are guilty of any slight breach of discipline it is not noticed by my companions, they realizing, no doubt, that the weather is hot, and that Tommy has the true John Bull love for cold water—as an element to bathe in—as well as his superiors.

There are miles of pretty walks about Aldershot, through

lovely country lanes or past sleeping ponds of water, up to the purple, fir-topped Fox Hills, or along the Hog's Back on the road to Guildford, past little way-side inns, old vine-covered cottages with latticed windows and blooming flower-gardens, quiet country churches in the centre of a little colony of grassy graves, marked with moss-covered stones, green hedges with wide-spreading yew-trees and scarlet-berried holly. On one side stretch fields of golden corn, little villages nestling low down among groups of green trees, or perched high on some hill-top, winding country roads, here and there the white puff of steam from a rapidly speeding train on the railway in the distance, the commanding towers of some gentleman's seat, with the rooks circling round the tops of the oaks in the park; while, on

ON THE CANAL.

the other hand, down below us we see the rectangular rows of huts and white tents of the camp, and the spires and chimneys of Aldershot Town, toned down by the distance and the soft gray of the atmosphere.

Returning at sunset from some such walk, our appetites sharpened by the exercise and the pure, sweet air, we hurry to our quarters, dress for dinner, and repair to the mess-room, already half filled with officers in their handsome mess uniforms. It is a large, comfortable room, carpeted with rugs and furnished with easy, leather-covered chairs and divans. Pictures of sporting and military subjects, an ordnance map, copies of orders and regulations are on the walls, and scattered in confusion over the tables are newspapers and magazines, books of tactics, the "Army List," etc. Punctually at eight o'clock dinner is announced, and we enter the dining-room and take our places at the long table, covered with its glittering array of glassware and gold and silver plate — racing-cups won by, and trophies presented to, the mess. It is a long, wide room, with high ceilings and large plate-glass windows. Portraits of the Queen and of the Prince of Wales, in the uniform of the corps, hang on the walls over two wide fireplaces, while over a handsome sideboard are fastened various trophies of the chase in foreign lands, among which are the branching antlers and huge, mule-shaped head of an American moose, shot in the wilds of the Canadian forests by one of the members of the mess. The dinner of several courses bears evidence of the skill of the mess cook; and as the decanters are passed around the table towards its end, the only toast of the evening—the Queen—is drunk standing and in respectful silence. Then with the coffee and cigars the events of the day are discussed, conversation becomes more general, and from the commandant to the latest joined subaltern, all seem to feel that peace with the world and one's self

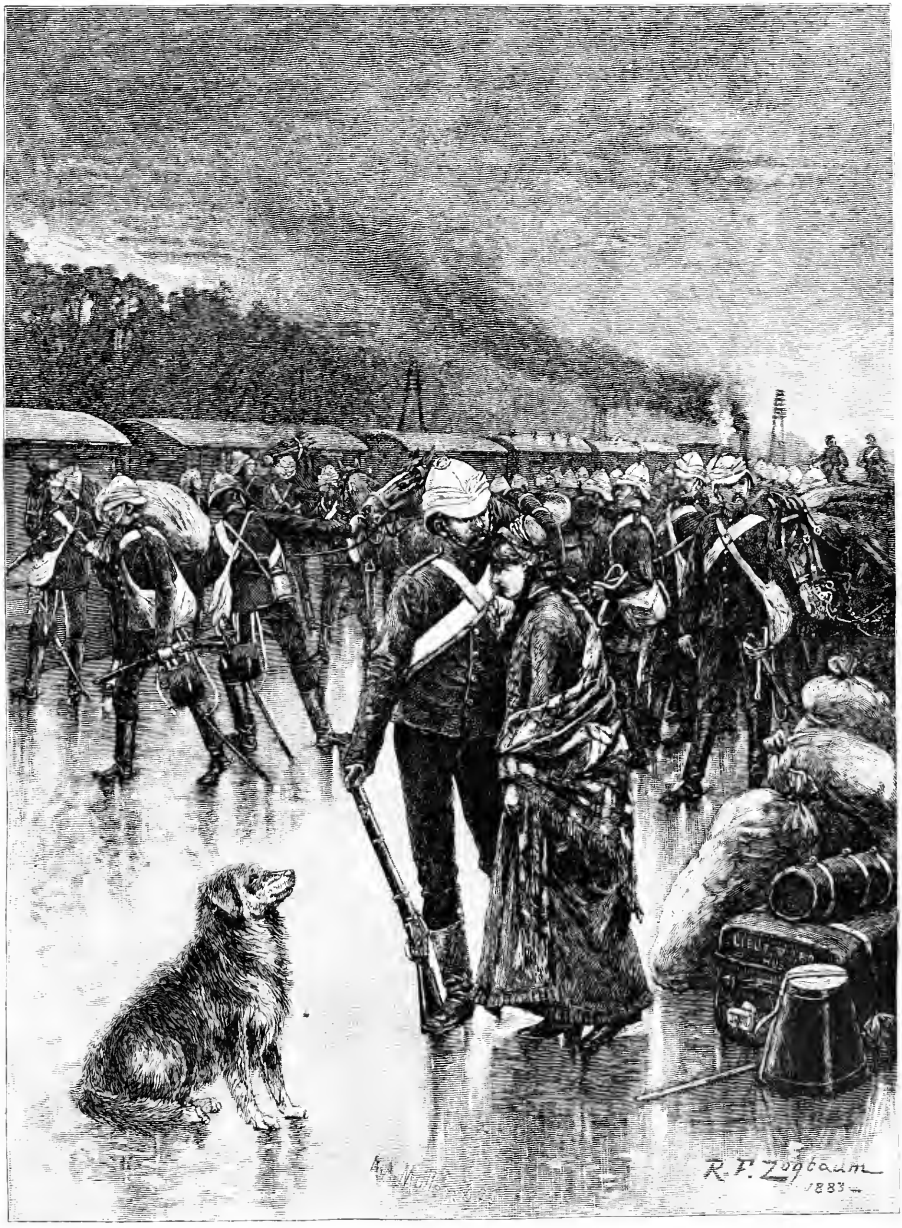
supposed to be the result of a good dinner and an easy conscience. Those officers who may still have duties to attend to take their departure, while the others sit down to a quiet game of whist or repair to the billiard-room. Thus quietly passes the evening, and Aldershot goes to rest, the only sound being the occasional "Who comes here?" of the sentries, as some belated officer, who has sat longer than usual over his game of cards or the pages of the latest novel, passes across the paved courts towards his quarters.

And now the quiet of the summer season, with its round of drills, parades, inspections, and all the daily recurring episodes of the life of the camp, is broken by darkening thunder-clouds of war, sweeping up in gloomy, threatening masses, and flashes of lurid lightning from the eastward of the political horizon. Some one with careless and bloody hand has roused the British lion from his peaceful slumber; some of his dear children, far away across the waters, have been driven forth in the light of their burning homes, or have fallen under the pitiless daggers of religious fanaticism, and he is rising in his might, showing his teeth, and ready to use them too, in vengeance on the disturbers of his peace.

Marching orders from the Horse Guards have arrived. Aldershot is in a state of excitement and bustle, preparing and mustering the forces for departure for the seat of war, and Tommy, ever ready for a fight, or a change in the monotony of his daily existence, is filled with enthusiasm and eager for the fray.

It is between three and four o'clock in the morning, and the gray light is just stealing through the mist of the gently falling rain, as I stand in the Framborough station listening to the distant cheering and the plaintive strains of "Auld Lang Syne," which betoken the approach of some departing regiment.

A long line of railway-carriages and horse-trucks, their wet tops glistening, and the black smoke from the locomotive curling over them, stand in readiness alongside the platform. Some porters are engaged taking off the tarpaulins that have covered a little pile of luggage, and are stowing it away in one of the vans, and the station-master and his assistants are hurrying about, busy in their preparations for the reception of their freight. Up the station road two horsemen, trotting rapidly along, loom up through the mist; farther behind them we can see a dark mass moving slowly towards us, and the sound of the music grows louder and more distinct as the troops come forward and halt on the brow of the hill above the station. They are cavalry, and as the leading squadron breaks from the column and marches in through the gates we see that they are hussars. The men are clad in their campaign dresses—dark-blue serge blouses, white sun-helmets and "puggarees," well-filled haversacks and canteens, untanned leather boots, carbines, and sabres. Their saddles are packed in heavy marching order, and there is a decidedly business-like look about both men and horses. They dismount and form their horses into line, unbuckle their sabres, and together with the carbines, place them on the ground in their rear, and immediately commence the business of embarking. One by one the horses are led forward, and driven, pushed, and forced into the trucks; one honest fellow, whose horse is rather nervous, coaxing it, and calling it by all kinds of endearing names, kissing it on the nose, and finally triumphantly persuading it to enter, step by step, into the car. Gradually the enclosure about the station is filling up. A general officer with his aide and a couple of orderlies have arrived, a brake filled with officers who have come to bid their friends farewell drives up, and here and there a poor soldier's wife with tear-stained face, perhaps two or three tow-



"THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME."

headed children clinging to her skirts, sobs on the shoulder of some stalwart fellow. Wonderfully gentle is the great, coarse, sunburned soldier as he kisses his little ones and holds the companion of his humble life closer to him for the few short moments that are yet to be spared to them, as some rough fellow, his comrade, who has no wife or child of his own, undertakes to fulfil his friend's share of the work of embarkation in addition to his own. The scene becomes livelier as the awakening day sheds fuller light on the busy crowd, and troop after troop enters the station as the horses of the preceding ones are put on board the train; bundles of hay and forage for the baiting of the horses during the journey to the coast are handed into the cars from the heavy wagons of the Army Service Corps, luggage is stowed away under the seats in the carriages, or corded firmly under the tarpaulins on the tops. Near the first-class carriage at the head of the train the officers are smoking a parting cigar with their friends, sergeants and corporals and busy orderlies are moving about, and the men, picking up their weapons, are falling in again, preparatory to embarking in their turn. The colonel is receiving a few parting directions from the general, a fine, aristocratic, middle-aged gentleman, with soldierly bearing and gray military mustache and whiskers, the gold-braided peak of his cap drawn down over his eyes, and his overcoat covering his plain, tasteful undress uniform. The last horse has been shut in, the last straggling soldier has taken his place in the carriages, the windows of which are crowded with heads, the last good-bys are being said, sobbing women and children watch husband and father with streaming eyes, the younger and more thoughtless of the soldiers are cracking their parting jokes. The colonel touches his helmet, and with a shake of the general's hand turns to the train. "Get on board, gentlemen!" to the officers. "All ready!"

the station-master raises his hand, the whistle of the locomotive shrieks, the band on the platform strikes up "Auld Lang Syne" again. Slowly the great driving-wheels of the engine begin to move. "Good-by, Mary, Tom, Katie! God bless you! Good-luck!" And with handkerchiefs waving and helmets swinging from the windows, amid loud cheers the long train, gathering speed as it moves, glides down the long line of glistening rails and disappears around a curve.

Reiterlied

Marschmässig

Christian Zacob Zahn
1757

Einzeln

1. Wol - auf, Kame - ra - den, aufs Pferd, aufs Pferd ins Feld in die Frei - heit - ge - zo - gen!
Im Fel - de da ist der Mann noch was werth da wird das Herz noch ge - wo - gen!

Da tritt kein An - der - er für ihn ein
auf sich selber steht er da ganz al - lein!

Vom Chor wiederholt

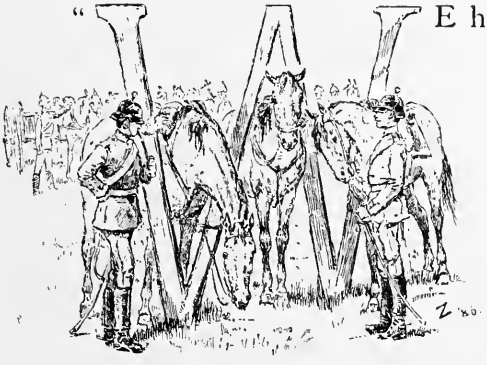
Des Lebens Aengsten, er wirft sie weg,
hat nicht mehr zu fürchten, zu sorgen:
Er reitet dem Schicksal entgegen keck,
trifft's heute nicht, trifft es doch morgen!
Und trifft es morgen, so lasset uns heut'
noch schlürfen die Neige der köstlichen Zeit!

Friedrich von Schiller, 1797.

GERMANY

A NIGHT WITH THE FOURTH CORPS

A NIGHT WITH THE FOURTH CORPS.

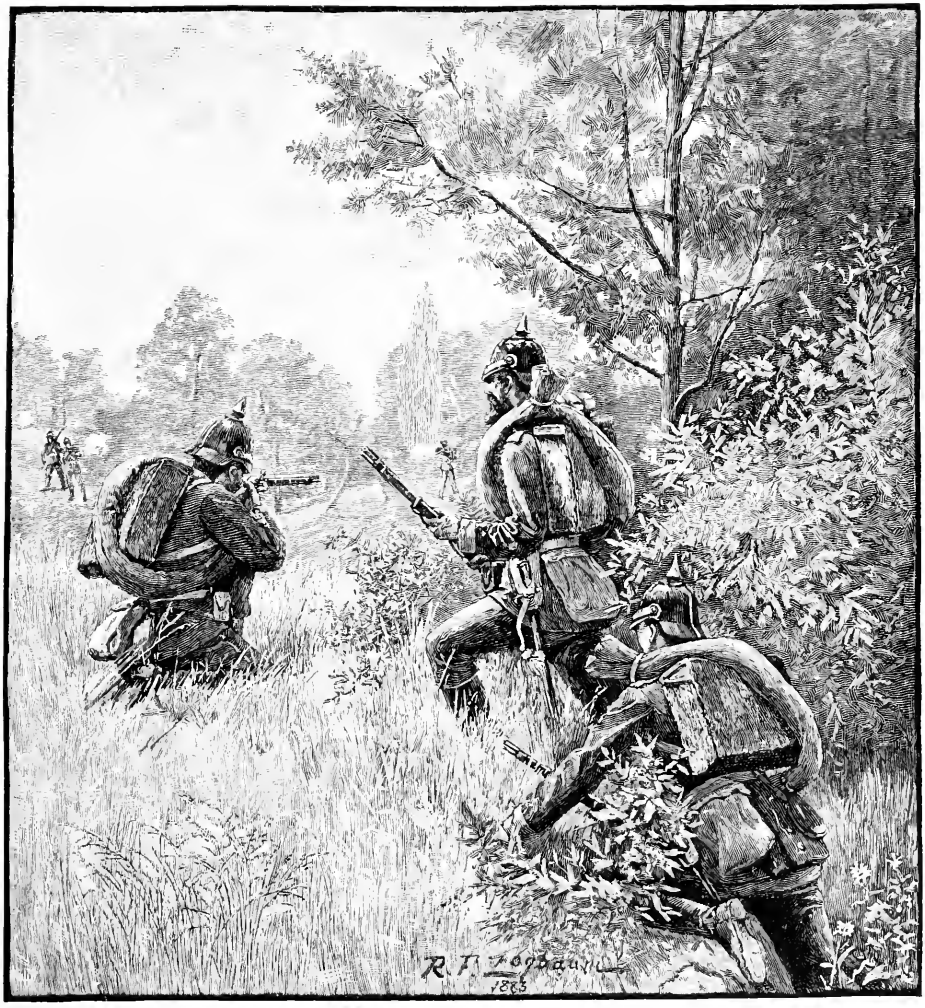


"WE had met the enemy, and they were ours!"—that is to say, the manœuvres of the day were nearly over, the umpires had rendered their decisions, the enemy was in full retreat, and we, in the advance of our corps, were in hot pursuit. We were in a lovely country, on the edge of Thuringia, the garden of Germany, and in one of its most ancient provinces, rich and fertile Altenburg. A lovely country indeed, with velvety green valleys, threaded by silvery winding streams, smiling and sparkling in the sun, and dotted with groups of red-roofed farm-houses, half concealed in fruit-filled orchards. Away over in our front, along the richly wooded, rolling hills, ran the white, dusty highway, winding in and out among the trees, and covered with the long columns of the slowly retreating enemy, their light-horse—"Green Hussars," so called from the color of their dolmans—hovering in clouds on their flanks and rear, and stubbornly contesting our advance. Sometimes the report of a rifle, and a wreath of blue smoke

curling up and floating a moment in the clear air, as our skirmishers came in contact with their cavalry, and the occasional surly boom of a field-piece, as our horse-artillery fired a parting shot at the column slowly disappearing in the distance, indicated the direction of our pursuit. Back in the valleys behind us, relieving against the white walls of some houses forming a diminutive village, and the possession of which had been the object of the day's manœuvres, we could see our main body, the different brigades and regiments massed in solid dark squares on the green fields, where they were taking up their positions preparatory to going into bivouac for the night.

It was well into the afternoon when the pursuit ended. The last straggling, hostile hussar had vanished behind the hills, our skirmishers were called in and joined their respective commands, and our battalion left the road on which we had been marching, and formed in close column of companies on a level field near by. A squadron of our own cavalry and a battery of horse-artillery were already in position near us. The guns were in park, and formed a sombre, formidable line, with their massive but light wheels and carriages covered with dust, and their threatening muzzles blue with the powder they had been burning during the day. The men were as busy as bees about their horses, caring for them first, picketing them in lines and shaking down their forage, but keeping the saddles on, and ready for service at a moment's notice. The cavalry had not all finished their day's work yet, for the detail for the pickets rode off as we approached, to form a line of videttes away in our front along the highway over which the enemy had retreated, and that ran at nearly right angles with our present position.

Tired, hot, and hungry, hands and faces blackened by powder-smoke and grimy with dirt, clothes and accoutrements covered with dust, but with not a button out of place, not one heavy

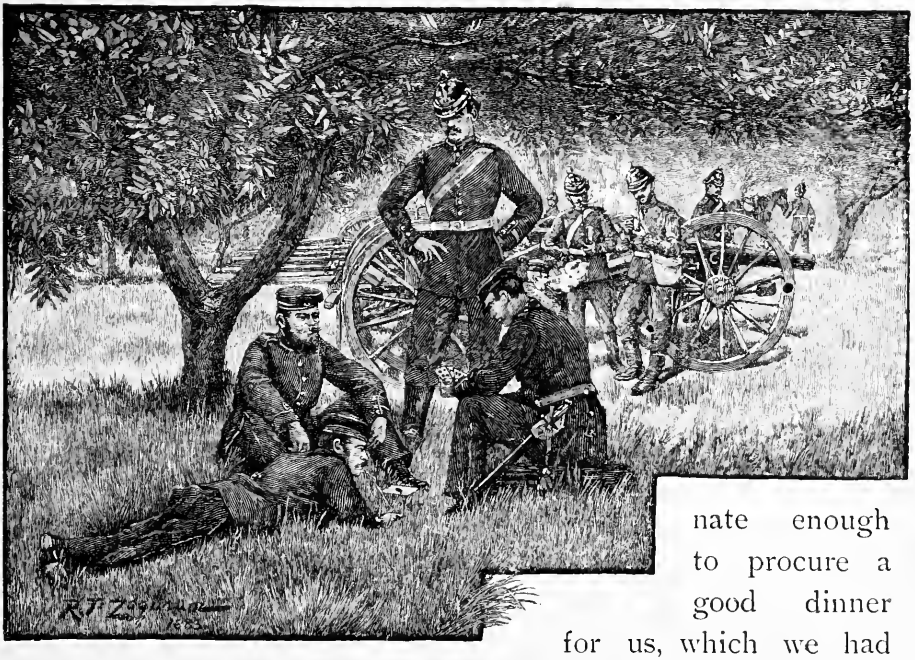


SKIRMISHERS IN PURSUIT.

helmet shifted off their streaming foreheads, not a strap of the heavy knapsacks unbuckled or eased up, with eyes straight to the front, heels together, bodies erect, and the alignment perfect, our sturdy infantrymen stood motionless where they had been halted, as if on parade, fresh from their barracks. Although on their feet since early morning, marching and skirmishing all day long, although footsore and half faint with hunger—for they had not had a chance to eat since their breakfast—the iron German discipline held its stern sway over officers and men alike, and every movement, and every detail of a movement, every necessary change in the manual of arms, was executed throughout with the mechanical precision of a tireless machine. As the order to stack arms was given, the pieces came together without clashing, their butts falling with a dull thud to the ground, the leathern, brass-bound, spear-pointed "Pickelhauben" were lifted off, placed under the stacks, each man's helmet by the butt of his rifle, and replaced by the soft, vizorless, blue forage-caps. The hair-covered knapsacks were unslung, and placed in correctly aligned rows in rear of the lines of stacks, overcoats were unrolled and put on, the heavy cartridge-boxes, swinging on their pipe-clayed leather belts, were buckled around the waists, and the canteens and haversacks slung over the shoulders, for, when in the advanced guards, soldiers, even when preparing for rest, lie down in harness, and if awakened by the call to arms, are ready at once. Facing to the right, and breaking as one man into the cadenced step, the battalion marched to a position alongside of its arms, each company in a line with its own rifles; the ranks were broken, and the soldiers immediately began preparations for the evening meal and for passing the night. Some were detailed to go in search of water, and the various squads, their tin camp-kettles, habitually carried strapped to the top of the knapsacks, hanging on their

arms, were falling in or marching off over the adjacent fields, others were unloading a huge wagon-pile of straw that had come up meanwhile from the rear, the soldiers carrying it away in great armfuls to make their beds; some were cutting wood or digging the circular trenches around the places where the bivouac fires were to be made, and which serve as a preventative to the straw on which the men lie being ignited by the flames, while others again were busily engaged in pleating the same material into great screens, to protect the sleepers from the wind. These screens are fastened to stakes driven into the ground, and form a circle—an opening being left for the ingress and egress of the men—around the fire, the soldiers sleeping with their heads against the screens and their feet towards the flames. The circle is called a "Feuerring" (*anglicè*, fire-ring), and forms as warm and comfortable a sleeping-place as the circumstances will permit.

Although now no longer confined to the strict discipline of the ranks, the same spirit of order seemed to reign among the men. I could hear them chatting and laughing over their tasks, but in a subdued manner, and with a stolid attention to the work in hand. There was no loud singing and whistling, no dancing the "can-can," no shouting and gesticulating, but everything was thoroughly and quickly done, and the straw-encircled "Feuerringe" rose as if by magic all about the quiet fields. No more picturesque or appropriate spot could have well been chosen for a bivouac than the little dell in which we were encamped. There was not a house or structure of any kind in sight, for we lay in a little green basin among the hills, surrounded by the quiet woods, the rays of the afternoon sun streaming through the leafy openings among the trees, and dancing in sparkling points of light on the burnished metal of the piles of arms. The caterer of the mess had been fortu-



ARTILLERY OUTPOST—A QUIET GAME.

nate enough to procure a good dinner for us, which we had discussed in the mess-tent, pitched under the shade of the trees on the edge of the field, with appetites sharpened by the hard march and the long delay consequent upon our meal having been brought up to us from the distant rear; and now we sat or lounged on the soft grass, smoking and sipping our after-dinner coffee, which, although destitute of sweetening, and drunk out of all kinds of drinking-vessels, from the tin mug of the private soldier to the regulation coffee-cup, was as aromatic and soothing as if fresh from Mocha itself.

As the sun sank in the west, casting gigantic shadows of the moving figures of the men on the lawn-like surface of our resting-place, the life of the bivouac quieted down, and the men, some of them, their duties ended, and overcome by fatigue, were sleeping anywhere on the ground, others were chatting together

in little groups, or polishing and cleaning the brasses of their accoutrements and the barrels of their guns, some strolled about aimlessly, their hands clasped behind them or thrust in their belts, or stood idly smoking their great porcelain pipes, and watching a game of cards, or listening to the maxims of some burly, bewhiskered, non-commissioned officer. Now and then the notes of some soldier song or sweet German ballad, sung in subdued and low tones, floated in the still, calm air, mingling with the restless pawing of the horses and the evening hymns of the birds in the adjacent forest. Once a stag with a doe or two appeared on the edge of the woods, and gazed with wondering, frightened eyes at the unwonted sight, and then, bounding back again, vanished into the thickets.

The company detailed to occupy the picket lines and to relieve the cavalry videttes now fell in under arms, and silently took up its march towards the position assigned to it. This detachment was to form a post in front of our own, and was again to be guarded by a smaller detail from its ranks, lying between it and the advanced sentries, and furnish the reliefs for their line, the object being to guard against surprise by any body of the enemy during the night. Already the quiet of the evening had been broken by an occasional shot in the distance, and we knew that the restless light-horsemen of our active opponent had been annoying our videttes.

The twilight was fast closing in as, after promising to return to a "Bowle," or light wine punch, which it was proposed to brew in the mess that evening — a promise gladly given, as I had no desire to lie shivering all night on the picket line — I hurried after the little column winding over the fields in the gloaming. Not a word was spoken by the men as we marched, and care was taken to keep on the low grounds and under the shelter of the woods, until we reached a little hollow, where a

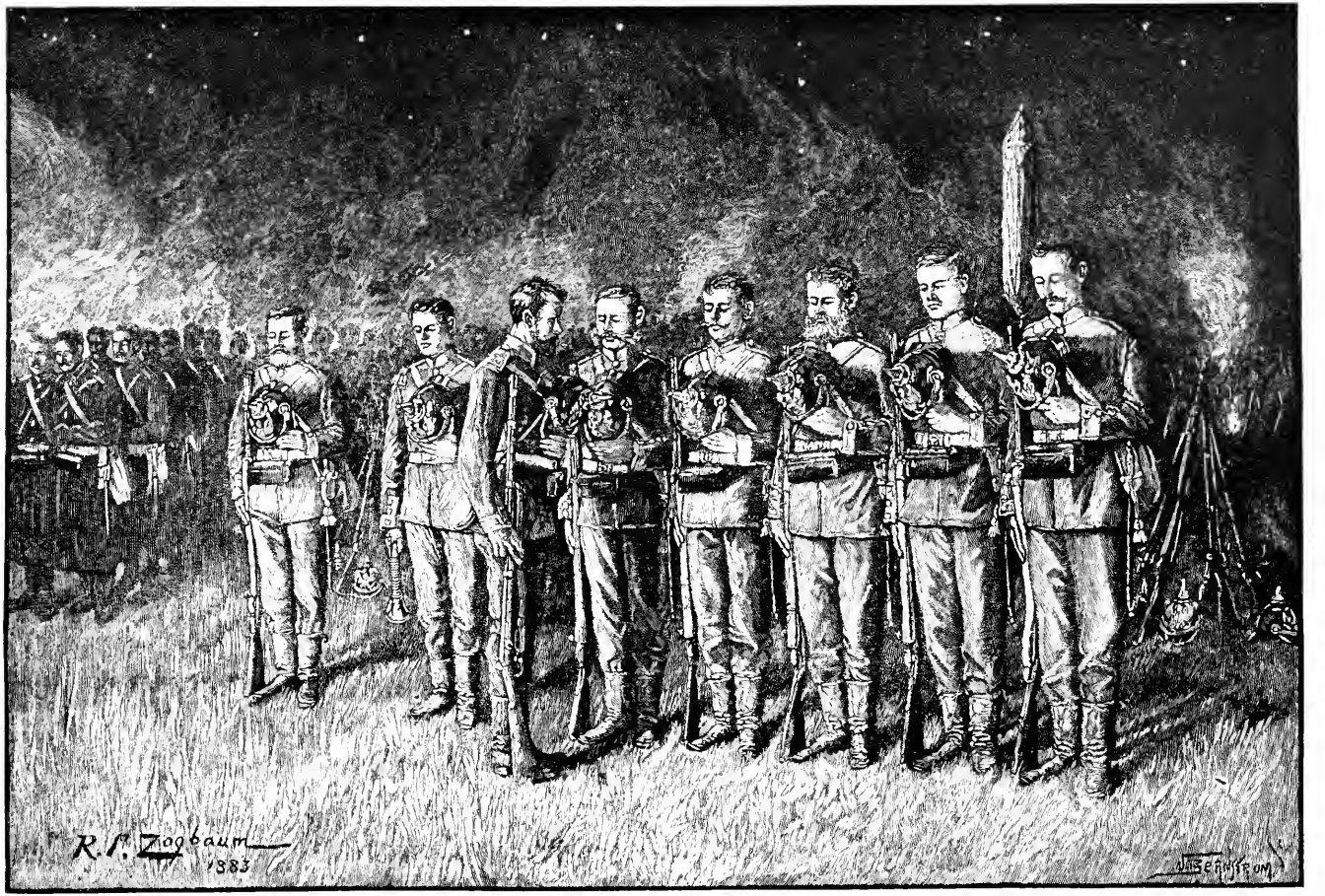
A VIDETTE.

few trees and a high hedge, that ran along some abandoned or unused grounds or game preserves at its top, would hide what fire might be built from the prying eyes of some prowling hussar or vigilant scouting party of the enemy. Here the post was established, and the lieutenant who was to have charge of the fore-post started at once with his command to a point about a quarter of a mile farther in advance, where he likewise placed his men in a sheltered nook, and proceeded to relieve the cavalrymen. We were now on the turnpike already mentioned, and soon established communication with the rest of the line of advanced pickets on our right and left. Nothing of the enemy was visible, and everything about was as silent as if thousands of men with hundreds of horses were not lying "in all the country 'round." The day, save for the last warm flush in the heavens in the west, was gone, and the stars shone down on the peaceful landscape from an unclouded sky; there was a light breeze, and the tall poplars that bordered the highway, stretching gray in a long line till lost in the gathering shadows, slightly moved their feathery tops; the faint voices of the night were heard, and the air was fragrant with the perfume of early evening, and cool and moist with the gently falling dew. Silently the sentries stood under the poplar-trees, their watchful eyes and ready ears strained to catch the slightest movement or hear the least suspicious sound in their front. Returning to the post first established, I found that, with true soldier's readiness, the men had made themselves as comfortable as possible, had improvised a wind-screen and "fire-ring" from a lot of branches and brush they had gathered, and had constructed a most cosey and warm little hut—if hut a structure barely four feet high and wide, and about six or seven feet long, could so be designated—for the accommodation of the two officers in charge. Their fire was burning brightly,

and they were all hopeful of spending a quiet night, undisturbed by those wretched "Green Hussars," who had so persistently bothered the videttes up to sunset. I bade them good-night, and started back over the fields to rejoin my friends at the bivouac—a way easily found, for, after skirting the little hills that formed the sides of the hollow, I could see the glare of the fires that had meanwhile been lighted.

Away off on the horizon a yellow flickering light betokened the presence of the main body of our corps, whence, as I stood for a moment alone in the darkness, enjoying the weird strangeness of the scene, there came, borne on the evening wind over the distant fields, faintly yet distinctly, the plaintive sound of the fifes and muffled rolling of the drums, rising and falling in one strange, sad, sweet note, and then dying away in a last long-drawn wail. It was "das Locken," or call for assembly, and was followed after a moment's pause by the crash of the regimental bands, mellowed and softened by the distance, playing the martial German "Zapfenstreich"—the tattoo—and I knew the hour of rest had come.

Hurrying forward, I reached our bivouac just as the troop was falling in for the evening prayer, although no tattoo had been beaten there, we being too near the enemy, and the music might have betrayed our whereabouts. Quietly our little force moved up in front of the fires, the guard standing to their arms. "Halt! Richt euch!" and they stood there motionless in one solid, dark block, relieving strong against the bright light of the fires and columns of smoke and sparks rising almost straight upward to the black heavens. Out of the darkness came a short word of command, "Caps off for prayer!" and in solemn, unbroken silence, with uncovered and reverently bowed heads, the rough soldiers rendered thanks to the Almighty for His mercies.



THE EVENING PRAYER.

Lighted candles, stuck in bottles or fastened to rough-hewn blocks of wood, were gleaming brightly on the plain pine boards of the improvised table under the mess-tent, when, the men having been dismissed, the officers sat down for an hour's chat and smoke before turning in; and although our seats varied in shape and size from a mess-chest to a folding camp-chair, and the table appointments were of the simplest description, it would have been difficult to have found a merrier or more comfortable set of men than that of which our little party was composed. A handsome, soldierly lot of gentlemen these German officers, treating one with the freedom of the camp, but with the well-bred courtesy of their class, and full of eager hospitality to the stranger from far-off America. Many were the questions asked about the land beyond the sea, where so many of their countrymen and their descendants had their homes; about France, where I had been living for a long time, and about Paris, where I still resided; about the French army, their life and their habits. Then the yarns about the late war between the two countries, the suffering, the hardships, the fun and the fighting, the good wines and fair women of "Sunny France"—yarns that made the youngsters of the mess envious of their elders, and anxious to take part some day in a like, to them, glorious struggle. There was no boasting, no exultation of the victor over the vanquished, but the natural talk of soldiers over the adventures of a campaign, the like of which has seldom been met with in history.

So the evening wore away in pleasant chat, until the major, our commandant, gave the signal for us to disperse, and we sought our beds. By the kind forethought of one of the officers —most amiable and considerate of lieutenants — I found that a comfortable lair had been prepared for me by his side in one of the fire-rings, and snugly wrapped in our overcoats, a rubber

blanket under us and a big woollen one over us, my valise for a pillow, we laid down in the straw by the roaring fire. Bidding me a kind good-night, my companion was soon in the land of dreams, while I still lay watching the sleeping men and the silent figure of the fire-guard, as he sat on a log of wood, poring over a story-book by the light of the flames, and occasionally rising to replenish the fire from a pile of wood at his side. My neighbor on my other side was a great stout sergeant, who snored like a trooper, and who kept edging up to me for warmth and creature comfort. Never awakening if I made the slightest movement to escape from his too close companionship, the worthy fellow would grunt and edge up again until close to me, when at last I gave up in despair and philosophically resigned myself to the inevitable. Gradually my eyes closed, the man by the fire grew more indistinct—are there two men reading romances? or is it one man with two heads?—I felt the comfortable, soothing warmth of early sleep, and soon all was oblivion.

What was that? Am I a boy again, and is it the Fourth of July, and have my playmates begun the celebration of the day with the phiz and bang of the early fire-cracker? Something has disturbed my slumber, and still dreaming that it is time to get up, and that Harry Brown and Tommy Black are out before me on Independence Day, I half open my eyes. Pop! pop! prrrutt! pop! Those are no fire-crackers, nor is it Harry Brown who is shaking me by the arm and speaking to me in guttural German, but my honest friend, the sergeant, who is telling me that the outposts have been attacked, and who is "blanking" the industrious fellows on the other side, who cannot let peacefully disposed soldiers enjoy their well-earned night's repose. As I sprang to my feet and looked about me, I saw the men rising from the straw and gazing, half dazed, out

THE FIRE-GUARD.

into the gloom, or rubbing the sleep from their eyes, as they awaited the expected signal to rush to their posts. The lieutenant was standing by the fire in an attitude of eager attention, his great-coat thrown back and ready to be cast aside, while the murmur of voices that arose from about the other fires showed that the men there, too, were aroused. Suddenly there was another dropping series of reports, followed in rapid succession by two or three volleys of musketry, and the cry "To arms!" rang out in the night. In an instant everything was in motion, as the men rushed at the top of their speed to the piles of arms. But there was no confusion. Every man knew his place, the ranks were formed as if by magic, the stacks were broken, and the human machine stood there in its completeness, ready to move and to act at the command of its master. The cavalry, as I could see by the fitful glare of the fires, were standing by their horses, a squad mounted and rode off in the darkness, the guns of the horse-battery were limbered up, and the drivers and gunners stood at their posts. Again the spiteful rattle of small-arms was heard, and flashes of fire sparkled in the distance like fire-flies.

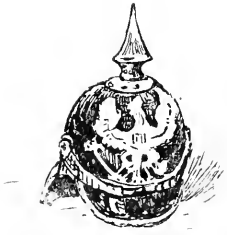
But our rest, although thus rudely broken, was not to be further disturbed that night, for the fire in our front gradually diminished and moved away from us over to our right, where for a few moments it increased again rapidly, until quite a sharp engagement seemed to be in progress at the outposts over a mile or so from us. This, too, died away in a short time, a messenger from our front reported everything quiet again in all directions, and the sleepy soldiers once more sought their resting-places, to snatch a few moments more repose before the dawn, for it was now well on into the "wee sma' hours." For the life of me I could not sleep any more, so I rested quietly on my back, watching the waning fire and the recumbent forms

of the soldiers in the ring. Strong, heavily framed young peasants most of them, though here and there the more refined features of some "Freiwilliger," or volunteer from the higher classes of society, were distinguishable, in spite of the coarse private's uniform. Now and again one or another among the men stirred or muttered something in his sleep, while two or three, who, like myself, were unable to again close their eyes in slumber, sat or stood before the fire, smoking and talking in undertones.

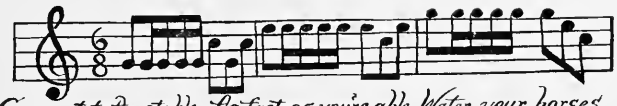
With the first rosy blushes of the dawn the men began to rise, and before the sun was fairly over the horizon the place was all astir with preparations for the early breakfast of rye-bread and coffee. The rough camp toilet was quickly made —in my own case by cold water poured over my head and face from a bucket in the ready hands of a good-natured, grinning soldier — and having hastily drunk our coffee, we were soon on the march to rejoin the main body.

As we moved we saw the columns of our cavalry advancing, while in front of their late bivouacs the infantry and artillery were massing, and by the occasional shout that rose from the different battalions we knew that the general commanding, sturdy old von Blumenthal himself, was making his morning rounds. Our battalion was drawn up in a field as the grim old soldier, accompanied by a modest-looking staff and a few orderlies, rode up, and with a touch of the peak of his scarlet banded fatigue-cap, gave us in a strong, clear voice his "Guten Morgen!" As with one voice, the ringing answer, "Guten Morgen, Excellenz!" burst from the men, and the white-haired chief rode slowly down the lines, his sharp eyes scanning the motionless ranks, all glittering in the glory of the morning sun.

Then words of command were heard from the heads of the various regiments, the troops began to move, and the roads on all sides were soon covered with columns upon columns of marching soldiery. Up against the sky on the heights before us we could see artillery going into battery. A moment later a white cloud burst out from the dark group, followed by the distant boom of the gun, and the work of the day had commenced.

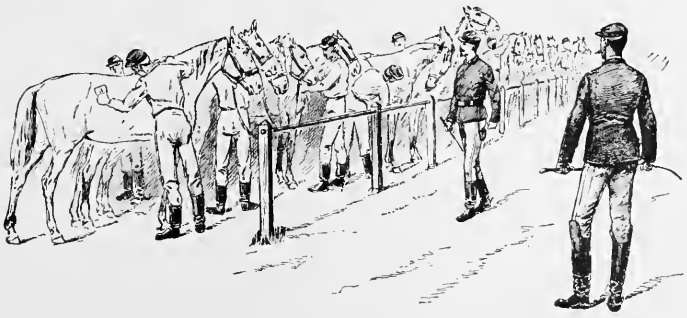


STABLE CALL



Come get to the stable, As fast as you're able, Water your horses

and give 'em some corn For if you don't do it, The Colonel will know it
And then you will rue it, As sure as you're born.



UNITED STATES

ACROSS COUNTRY WITH A CAVALRY COLUMN

ACROSS COUNTRY WITH A CAVALRY COLUMN.

THE day's march has been just long enough to make one comfortably tired, and the bountiful dinner which the "Emperor"—the skilful soldier cook to the headquarters mess—had set before us an hour ago having been duly discussed, we feel a quiet satisfaction with everything and everybody as we lie stretched on the soft grass or lounge in camp-stools before our tents, lazily puffing at our cigars and pipes, and enjoying the calm of the evening. Before us run the rows of roomy "Sibley" tents of the different troops of cavalry that compose our command, relieving against the bushes of wild roses and willows lining the banks of the dancing, singing, merry little stream by which the camp is pitched, and rolling in soft undulations on all sides the prairie stretches far away to the distant foot-hills, rising in gently rounded forms to the snow-capped mountains that bound the horizon. The horses, munching their evening allowance of grain, stand in long lines, tethered to ropes

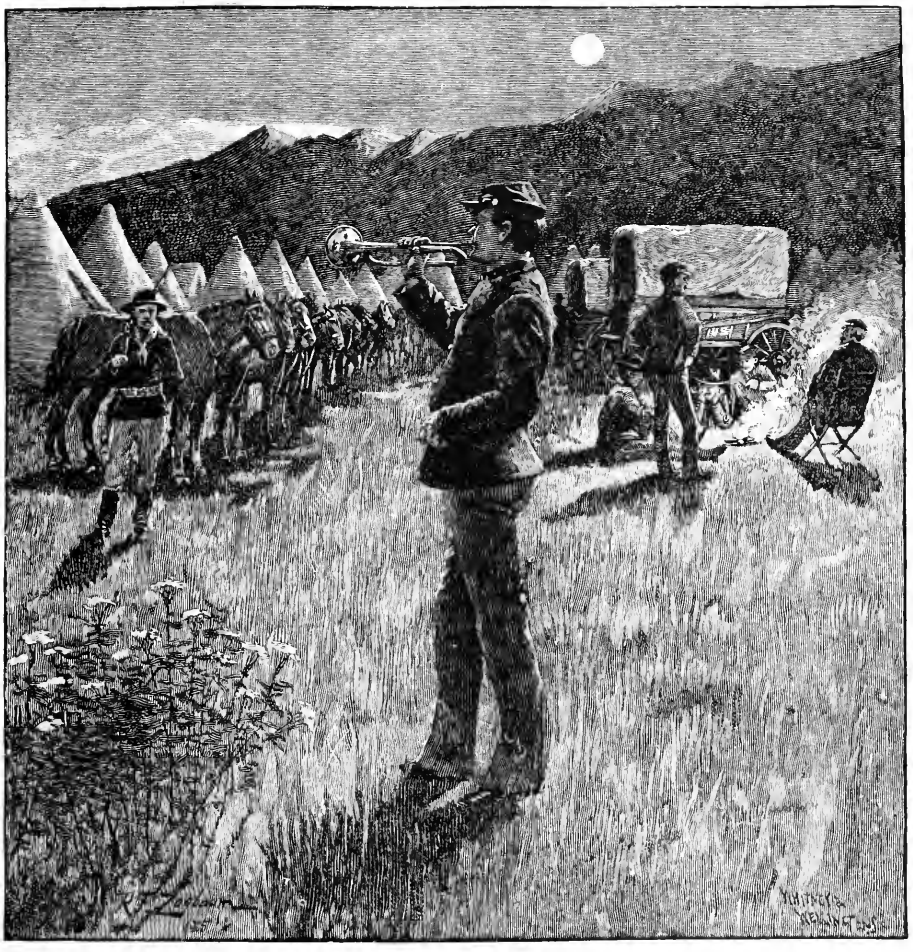
stretched along and pinned at intervals to the ground by huge iron pegs, or run from wagon to wagon, as the fancy or habit of the company commander directs, while the soldiers are busied with curry-comb and brush grooming them under the watchful eyes of the sergeants. Huge mess-chests, bags of grain, cooking utensils black with the smoke of many a fire, lie about, and some of the men are engaged in arranging the saddles and equipments. Through the open flaps of one of the tents the bedding of the soldiers can be seen spread in a circle on the ground, the gray blankets neatly folded, while around the pole in the centre hang carbines and cartridge-filled prairie belts, surmounted by a lantern swinging by a cord, and as yet unlighted. Back of the tents huge fires are crackling and blazing merrily, the smoke from them rising straight upward in the still air, the company cooks busied about them, clearing away after the evening meal, or relishing some tidbit reserved from the general fare for their own private benefit, as, being cooks, they no doubt feel to be one of the privileges of their position. Coming towards the camp, and moving in a cloud of dust, yellow as the purest gold in the last long rays of the setting sun, the wagon mules are being driven in from pasture, and their discordant braying and the shouts of the teamsters mingle harshly with the clanging notes of the trumpets, which now begin to sound the "assembly." We watch the companies "fall in" in front of their respective quarters, and the details for the new guard assemble, for, being in the field and on the march, and an early start being the order of the day, the guard is mounted in the evening instead of in the morning, as is the custom in garrison. Guard-mounting does not take long in this case, although it is thorough enough in all its detail under the vigilance of the experi-

enced and soldierly adjutant, and when the last notes of "retreat" die away the various officers come forward from their places in front of their commands, and, hands raised to hat in salute, give the short official report of, "Such and such a company present or accounted for." Turning to the commanding officer, who with the rest of us has been enjoying his cigar in front of his quarters, the old and new officer of the day respectively makes his report and receives his instructions, the guard is marched off, the adjutant unbuckles his heavy sabre, and, lighting his pipe, joins our little group, and the camp settles down to the quiet repose so well earned by the day's work.

The sun has disappeared long ago now, but the soft twilight of the far north-western summer lingers yet. The snow on the distant peaks glows with a faint rosy flush, gradually dying away; in the clear, transparent atmosphere the giant mountains stand out in strongly marked black masses against the sky, from which bright stars are already shining down upon us. Fresh and sweet the fragrance of the wild roses floats in the air, and the little stream seems to gather new life as the shades of evening fall about us, and it ripples musically along over its sandy bed. Slowly, almost imperceptibly, the gloom of night approaches, the air grows decidedly cooler, and we are glad to wrap our great-coats about us, and to draw up to the generous blaze of the roaring cotton-wood fire in front of the general's quarters. In the other tents the lanterns have been lighted, and we can see the forms of the occupants outlined in sharply cut shadows against the luminous canvas, and hear the subdued murmur of their voices, with now and then a laugh. In one tent down the line there, there seems to be a merry party gathered together, to judge from the squeaky notes of an accord-

eon and the rattle of a pair of "bones," accompanying some amateur minstrel in the rendering of a comic song, while under another canvas a pair of "boys in blue" are engaged in an animated discussion, which threatens to wax warm, until the warning growl of some passing non-commissioned officer puts an abrupt end to the conversation.

Gradually our party around the fire is increased by the arrival of other officers from their quarters down the line, until a large and merry circle surrounds the cheerful blaze. The conversation becomes general, and the great flames, lighting up the animated countenances of the speakers, and reflected a hundred times in the bright buttons of their uniforms, cast great shadows back from the dark figures up to the walls of the tents in our rear, that are glowing in the warm light, the more intensely so from the blackness of the gloom behind them. And strong and manly faces they are that gleam in the fire-light — from our chief, seated in his camp-chair, wrapped in his cape, and the snows of forty years of active service in field and garrison crowning his head; from the merry-hearted junior major, with his twinkling eyes and laughter-provoking jokes and yarns; the stalwart adjutant, stretching his great frame on the grass, puffing at his cigar and chuckling at the sallies of his senior, down to the young subaltern fresh from the discipline of West Point, and on his first service in the field. The good-humored, weather-beaten face of the trusty scout and guide beams out from under the great flapping brim of his felt hat as he tells with modest and homely eloquence of many a brave deed and stirring adventure in the Virginia mountains and on the Western frontier under his gallant leader Sheridan; and the grim, quiet humor of the senior major, our second in command — a brave and unassuming soldier, whose bloody encounters with



"TAPS."

the savage foe of the pioneer form part of the history of the great North-west—calls forth an occasional hearty laugh from the circle about the fire. He will be long and kindly remembered by his comrades. He has made his report to the Great Captain since then, and has joined the grand army of the dead. *Requiescat in pace!*

With the sad, sweet strains of "taps" rising in the night air our party begins to disperse. The lights in the men's tents go out, the hum of their voices ceases. One or two of us still linger a moment by the glowing embers, loath to leave, and taking the last puffs at our cigars; but soon we, too, seek the shelter of our canvas houses, and quiet reigns in the little command. Our companion, whose hospitable tent we share, is asleep as soon as his head touches his pillow, but we still lie a few moments in our warm buffalo-robes, watching the stars through the circular opening in the roof of the tent. We can hear the rushing of the water and the slow tramp of a sentry, now fading away in the distance, now coming nearer, as he paces up and down his beat, until our eyelids close, and we sink into a deep and dreamless slumber.

"Trata, tarata! I can't get 'em up, I can't get 'em up, I can't get 'em up in the mo-or-ning!" The trumpets are ringing out in a lively manner, "tata-taraing" and clamoring away fit to wake the Seven Sleepers, and we spring up, broad awake at once. That is, we ourselves are broad awake enough, for those leathern-lunged trumpeters are raising a tremendous racket, but our companion, on whom the regular recurrence of the same din every morning for a dozen years or more has had the effect of hardening his nerves, wants to know, with a little "d—" such as the captain of the *Pinafore* may have used, whether "that's reveille already!" As

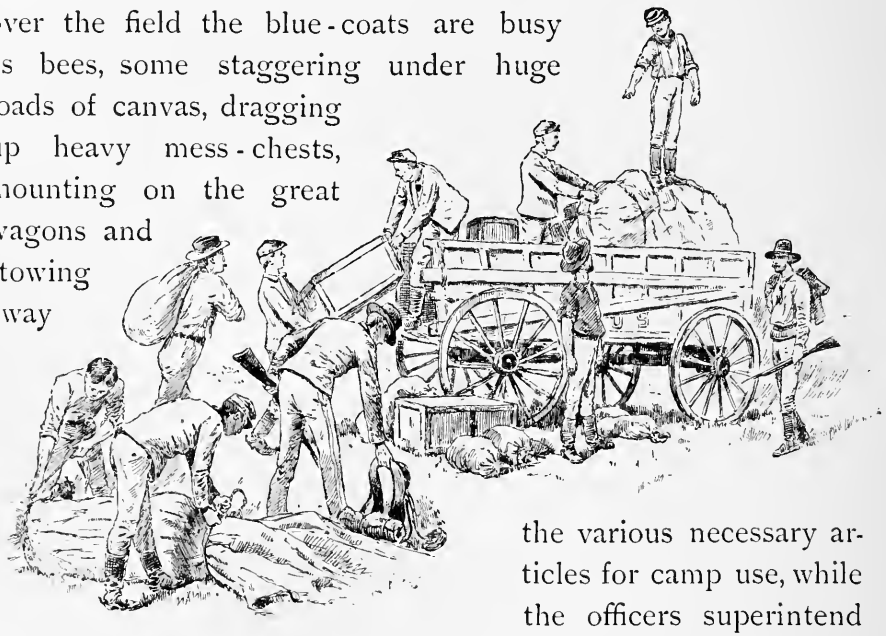
if there could be any doubt of its being anything else! If there is anything in the world, unless it be the startling alarum of the "long roll," that will bring a man to his waking senses in less time than a dozen of Uncle Sam's trumpeters tooting away at reveille, we have yet to meet with it in our more or less limited experience.

How brightly the sun is shining as we unloosen the cords that hold the flaps of our tent together, and step out in front! Whew! but it is cold too, the morning air, and the water in the tin basin, perched on the three stakes driven upright into the ground on one side of our temporary abode, is just as near being ice as it can be, and yet remain in a fluid state. Two or three tents down the line the cheery junior major is polishing his face with a rough towel till it shines again, and his jolly, hearty "Good-morning!" greets us cordially as soon as we make our appearance. All is life and bustle over among the men as they go trooping off, some, tin cup and platter in hand, for breakfast and the steaming hot coffee that the cooks are already preparing, some to look after the horses or to make a hasty toilet by the stream, the dogs, of which we have several in the command, barking and jumping up to their masters with morn-

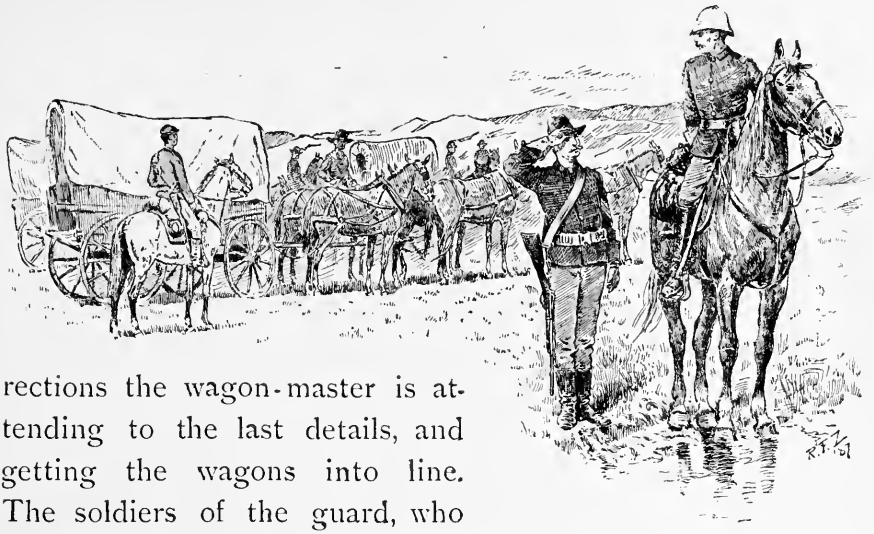
ing greetings, or foraging around the mess tents in search of a stray bone or other such luxury. The horses and mules, refreshed by the night's rest, are neighing and stamping, awaiting the coming meal, "stable call" having been sounded immediately after reveille, and the men are attending to the wants of their trusty four-footed friends. It does not take us long to make our toilet and to pack our valises, ready for our "strikers" to take away to the baggage-wagons. The "Emperor" announces, "Sheneral, preakvast is retty, sir," and each of us bringing whatever we can lay our hands on in the way of a seat, from a camp-chair to a cracker-box, we are soon assembled around the little table in the mess tent, which is groaning under the weight of the bountiful breakfast the "Emperor" has laid upon it. An antelope steak, some frizzled beef, trout (fresh caught), fried potatoes, coffee fit for the gods, with condensed milk in lieu of cream—everything smoking hot and in lavish profusion. When we look at the diminutive field-stove, from the oven of which the "Emperor" has just taken out a pan full of the jolliest-looking biscuits, smoking and smiling through the cracks of their brown faces, just inviting one to eat them, we wonder how in the mischief he does it all, and where he gets the good things to eat out there in the wilderness, where there is not a human being outside of our command for miles and miles, with the exception, perhaps, of some ranging cowboys or prowling Indians. However, we look our approval—our mouths are too full for utterance—and the "Emperor," who rarely smiles, signifies his appreciation of our enjoyment of his skill by bringing us a fresh cup of fragrant coffee, with the remark that, "Dot gup you got vas shtandin' so long he get gold, und goffee iss not goot ven he issn't hot."

Breakfast over, we make ready for the day's march. The

camp presents a most animated scene. The tents are already down, and the details are busy rolling them up ready for transportation; our bedding, neatly rolled and strapped, lies alongside our valises, and is being rapidly transferred to the wagon, which, drawn by its six sturdy mules, has been driven up while we were at breakfast. Our saddles are packed and placed upon our horses, the orderlies standing at their heads with their own mounts alongside of them. The "Emperor's" tent and stove disappear like magic; all over the field the blue-coats are busy as bees, some staggering under huge loads of canvas, dragging up heavy mess-chests, mounting on the great wagons and stowing away



the various necessary articles for camp use, while the officers superintend their movements, sometimes even lending a helping hand. Although the scene is such a busy one, and the men are hurrying to and fro, working like beavers, there is no confusion; everything is conducted with the utmost order and celerity, and in an incredibly short space of time the wagons are loaded and ready for the road. Our young quartermaster is already on horseback. He has received his orders for the march, and under his di-



rections the wagon-master is attending to the last details, and getting the wagons into line. The soldiers of the guard, who form the escort to the train, are standing by their horses, ready to mount. "Boots and saddles" has been sounded, and the troops stand near their fluttering guidons, officers in their front, awaiting the command to march.

It must be confessed they look a rather motley assemblage for regular troops, as they lounge there in picturesque groups, and their uniforms certainly are rather shabby in appearance. The majority wear the slouched felt hat issued to our troops by the Quartermaster's Department, ungraceful in shape but comfortable and admirably suited for the rough service of the frontier. There are some with the more jaunty forage-cap, and one man wears a civilian's straw hat perched on the back of his head. If you walk down through the different squadrons you can see that the men are about the middle height, sturdy and healthy, the majority of them unmistakably of American birth, but there is a strong sprinkling of Germans and Irishmen among them. Some have gayly colored handkerchiefs knotted about their necks—one strapping

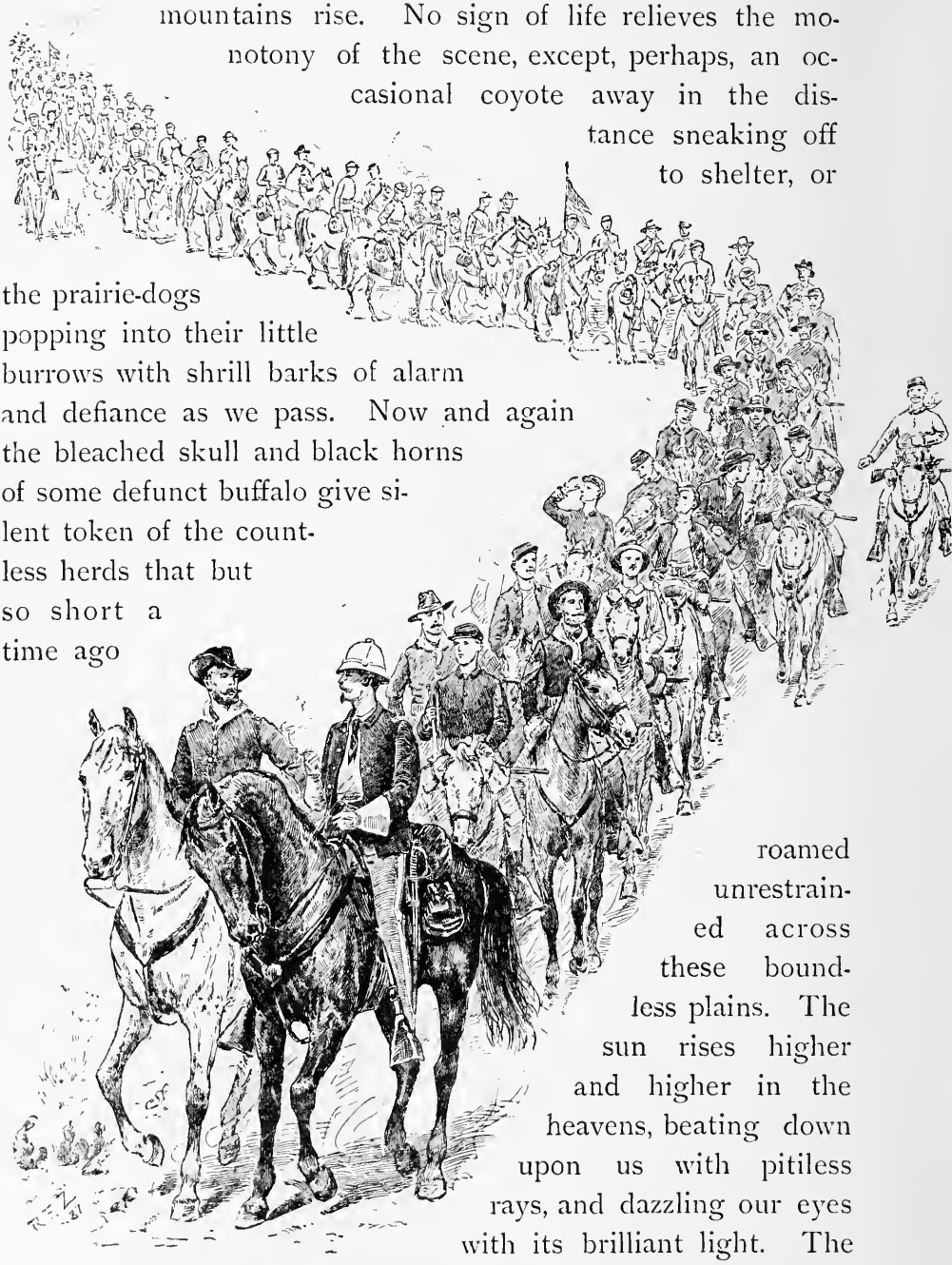
fellow, whose whole countenance betrays his origin, wearing a bright green silk scarf, typical of the land that gave him birth. The officers, too, have not put on their "best clothes" for this prairie campaigning. Most of them wear white sun-helmets, but there are two or three of them with the old regulation slouched hat, and one straight, fine-looking young gentleman wears a great, broad-brimmed "cow-boy" hat pulled down over his eyes. We cannot help smiling as we think of what the astonishment of some of our European friends — the natty English artilleryman, the dashing French chasseur, or closely buttoned, precise German dragoon — would be, could they be dropped down here in front of this command, and how they would inwardly comment in no very favorable terms on the appearance of Uncle Sam's troopers in the field. And we cannot help but ask, and we do so in all good feeling, would it not, without carrying the "pomp and circumstance" of military life to the extreme that our more warlike neighbors do, be of equal practical benefit to the comfort and health of the soldier, and more productive of a feeling of soldierly self-respect, if a little more uniformity, a little more attention to details, and greater regard for appearance, even in the field, and on such rough service as our little army, unlike the European services, is so constantly engaged in, were insisted on.

The trumpet sounds. As if an electric shock had traversed the assemblage, the scattered groups form in serried ranks. Another trumpet blast. Like one man they rise into their saddles and sit motionless. Still another signal, and like a machine started by some invisible power the column moves. Let us, too, mount and ride across the prairie, till we reach the head of the column, swinging out now and following the course of the little stream; we can stop a moment and let it pass. In spite of the guerilla like and careless look of the

THE MARCH OUT.

men, one cannot help but admire the soldierly ease and grace with which they sit in their saddles, ranks well aligned, shoulders squared, heads erect, eyes to the front, their harness and equipments shining in the sunlight, not a buckle or strap out of place, carbines clean, and swinging at their sides ready for immediate use, brass-shelled cartridges peeping from the well-filled prairie belts, horses and riders moving with the quiet and orderly precision that long training and constant habits of discipline alone can create. And the horses! Did you ever see better mounts? See that troop of sorrels that is just now passing! They have been in the field for weeks, and have passed through stream and cañon, over plain and desert, through thick alkali dust and sticky mud, yet how their coats glisten, and how proudly they arch their necks and champ their bits, moving along at a rapid walk, guided by the firm pressure of the practised hands of their well-drilled riders! Though the uniforms are dim and weather-beaten, though the harness and saddlery are of the simplest description, with little or no attempt at ornamentation, do not men and horses look ready for instant work, and work, too, of the most serious kind? And well have they proved by many a hard ride, by many a wakeful night, with hunger and thirst, and the exposure to the pitiless blasts of many a Northern winter, harder to contend against than their savage adversaries of the wilderness, their readiness at all times; for this is a famous regiment, and their motto of "Toujours prêt!" which they proudly bear is no idle boast.

Column of route! Winding over the trackless prairie through the gray sage-brush, a thin blue thread in the immense space about it, the command moves out. Prairie, more prairie, still more prairie on every side, until lost and melting into the horizon, except where, directly in the front, the distant



mountains rise. No sign of life relieves the monotony of the scene, except, perhaps, an occasional coyote away in the distance sneaking off to shelter, or the prairie-dogs popping into their little burrows with shrill barks of alarm and defiance as we pass. Now and again the bleached skull and black horns of some defunct buffalo give silent token of the countless herds that but so short a time ago roamed unrestrained across these boundless plains. The sun rises higher and higher in the heavens, beating down upon us with pitiless rays, and dazzling our eyes with its brilliant light. The

A MOMENT'S HALT.

alkali dust stirred up by the beat of the horses' hoofs hangs over the column in thick, stifling clouds, making eyes and nostrils tingle, and almost shutting out from view the squadrons ahead of us; now and then we can see the silken folds of their guidons wave languidly, and make out the forms of the rearmost riders. If there were only a breath of air, ever so gentle, to carry the dust-cloud a little to one side, and to relieve us from this parching heat! Most of us have laid off our coats and are riding in our shirt-sleeves; some of the men have stripped to their undershirts. Little is said, this choking dust smothering all desire for conversation, until we begin to feel a softer pressure under the horses' feet, and gradually the cloud subsides as we ride over and around some rolling, grassy mounds, and see before us a green line of willow-brush, indicating the proximity of water. But the column does not halt, and pushes on over the little yard-wide stream, as we find its waters so impregnated with alkali as to be unfit for use.

Prairie again all around us, but more rolling, and covered with long, waving grass; in the distance clumps of bright-green cotton-woods. We halt for a moment on the brow of a high butte to rest our heated horses and throw ourselves down in the soft grass. Some one has been provident enough to save a canteen full of coffee, and from this we have a refreshing draught, and, with cigarettes lighted, enjoy our short rest to the utmost. Ahead of us, on the top of the next butte, we can see the staff reclining on the grass. The major has evidently been "at it" again, for we can hear the hearty laugh of the adjutant as he rises, and the staff-trumpeter sounds the order to mount again, and away we go brushing through the high grass. We are comparatively free from dust now, and although the sun shoots down its fiercest heat as the hour of noon

passes, we can bear it more easily. The eye, too, is refreshed by the wonderful color of the rolling hills far in our front, where the millions of wild flowers covering their smoothly rounded sides blend their bright hues harmoniously in strong contrast with the deep-blue shadows of the mountains. As we near the cotton-woods the rushing of a stream is heard, and we are soon standing on its high banks, looking down upon the swift-flowing torrent. The signal to let our horses drink is given, and we scramble down the steep sides and ford the rapid current, rising almost up to our knees as we sit in our saddles; the thirsty brutes suck in the sweet water, cooled by the melting snows in the distant mountains.

The day wears on in this manner; now we traverse tracts of cactus desert, now dip down through some sudden break in the plain, and ford streams more or less deep and rapid; now we climb over mound-shaped buttes until we enter a little grassy valley in the foot-hills, and halt there to await the arrival of the wagon-train, and to make our camp for the night. The horses are immediately unsaddled, hobbled, and driven off by companies to water and to pasture. The men, tired by the long ride, lie about in groups, some dozing, saddles for pillows, under the shelter of leafy little huts, constructed with astonishing rapidity from the pliant branches of the dwarf willows, cut with their sharp sheath-knives on the river brink hard by. The indefatigable "Emperor" has already prepared a little "snack" for us to stay our appetites until dinner; and although it consists chiefly of the remnants of the biscuits baked for breakfast, the contents of some round, gaudily labelled tins of beef or tongue, with a taste of jam or a pickle for a relish, and something from a field-flask to wash all down with, the most elaborate picnic spread in the world could not have been done more justice to. The quartermaster rides in just as we

THE FORD.

are lighting our pipes, and reports the wagons near at hand. He is hot and thirsty, and falls to like a man who has seen nothing to eat or drink for a week; and soon we hear the cracking of the whips, the braying of the mules, and the creaking and groaning of the wheels as the long line of canvas-covered, heavily laden wagons comes lumbering on the camp ground. Speedily the tents rise in well-ordered lines about us, fires are lighted, and every preparation made for dinner and a comfortable night's rest. Some of us take our towels and stroll down to the river for a bath, or to wash some article of clothing with a piece of toilet soap—laundries being one of the luxuries of civilization which we have parted with some time ago. The mosquitoes are not so bad here this evening as they were a few days ago in one camp we occupied, and one can bathe with more or less comfort; besides, we are hardened to them by this time — if one can ever become hardened to the sting of a Montana mosquito — and make a pretence of looking on their aggravating onslaughts

with something akin to philosophical indifference. Few of the men are about; those not on duty of some sort are mostly in their tents, a few are fishing for trout, and the horses and mules are grazing quietly on the hill-sides, on whose tops we can see the mounted figures of the guards outlined against the sky, and the little valley, only an hour or two ago a solitary oasis in the wilderness, already takes on the appearance of having been inhabited for weeks.

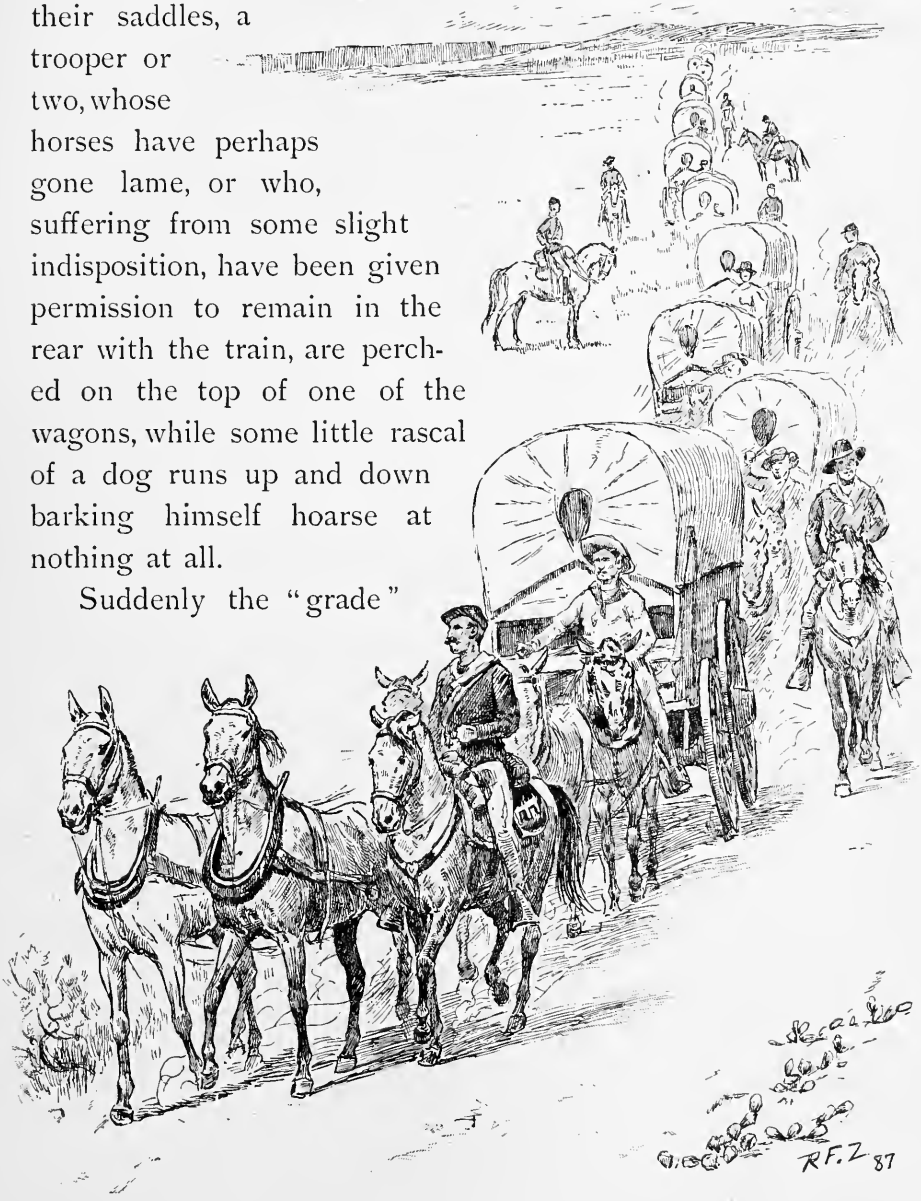
Days pass in this way. We cross the great plains, almost imperceptibly reaching a higher altitude day by day; we march over the divides and move up through the foot-hills, higher and higher into the mountains. Once, under the shadow of a huge mountain peak, we camp near a small military post, the officers of which bring their families to visit us, and it is a novel sight to our eyes to see delicate and refined ladies and pretty little children seated around our camp-fire, and listening to the lively music of a really excellent string-band, made up from among the enlisted men. Sometimes the line of our march takes us through great cañons, by the sides of and through roaring streams, over steep and dangerous mountain trails, where the wagons often experience delay and difficulty in passing.

A train on the march under these circumstances makes a picture not soon to be forgotten. Over the level prairie the wagons rumble along quietly and smoothly enough. At the occasional coulées perhaps there has been some hard pulling, but the patient, strong, willing army mules—most unjustly derided of four-footed beasts—have dragged the heavy wagons through one after another, and the long line stretches its slowly moving length out over the prairie again, at the head the quartermaster, sometimes some crony, the doctor perhaps, riding with him to keep him company. By the sides march

THE HERD-GUARD.

the soldiers of the guard, the teamsters lounge lazily in their saddles, a trooper or two, whose horses have perhaps gone lame, or who, suffering from some slight indisposition, have been given permission to remain in the rear with the train, are perched on the top of one of the wagons, while some little rascal of a dog runs up and down barking himself hoarse at nothing at all.

Suddenly the "grade"



falls abruptly away through two towering cliffs or fantastically shaped buttes that mark the entrance to a cañon, and the teamsters drag with all their strength on the straps attached to the great brakes of the hind-wheels as the heavy wagons go grinding down the steep incline, the mules, sober, sure-footed brutes, slipping over the loose stones and scattering a shower of pebbles and gravel about them as the leading teams scramble along, the wheel-mules, with feet braced and straining back against their great collars, sliding after them. Arriving at the bottom with a rush, they move forward again, wagon after wagon following, until the trail widens out a little where a pool of water has formed across it, seemingly barring further progress. The quartermaster's horse sinks fetlock deep in the sticky, slimy mud, and the wagon-master shakes his head as he looks back at the long line of heavily laden wagons coming around the bend in the cañon. However, on they must go; there is no way of avoiding the hole; steep cliffs rise on each side, and the first wagon, following the lead of the wagon-master, plunges boldly in. The mules strain and pull, deeper and deeper the wheels sink into the slime. No use! the mules give it up; and once a mule makes up his mind that it is useless to try any more, no power on earth that we know of will make him proceed, at least not in the desired direction. The team from the following wagon is unhitched and brought to their aid. Now then! crack your long-lashed whips, teamsters! Curse till the air is blue! "Whoop her up!" Flounder, splash, and strain, mules! Give it up again until another team is brought up. More cracking of whips, more cursing, more splashing and floundering and scattering about of liquid mud, until mules, teamsters, and wagons are covered with it, and look as if they were made of it. At last the wheels slowly move, churning up great masses

of the yellow compound; another heave ahead, another stop, some more profanity and cracking of whips, and so by degrees they pull the wagon through and stand, panting and hot and wet, on the firm ground on the other side of the "chuck-hole."

But the rest of the train must follow, and as each succeeding wagon stirs up the mud the passage will be more and more difficult. There is only one thing to do. "We must 'double-trip' it." The wagons will have to be relieved of part of their load, and to get everything safely across, double trips must be made. Now then, all hands! Soldiers and teamsters bustle about, the wagons are partially unpacked, driven over, the remainder of the load taken off, driven back again for that which has been left, again dragged through the mud, reloaded, and moved on until the last wagon is over and the march is resumed. Hours have passed in doing this, and when the train reaches the camp-ground it is already late in the day.

One rainy evening we stand under the far-spreading branches of the giant pines on the edge of a forest in northern Idaho, way on the western side of the mountains, watching the passing column for the last time, as, rounding the outskirts of one of the little towns that have sprung up like mushrooms alongside of the track of the Northern Pacific, it moves off its camp-ground of the day before. We shake hands heartily with the officers as they pass, and exchange kindly greetings with many of the men. *Au revoir*, kind friends! We shall long remember our march with you, and may good-luck attend you in your new quarters. Good-by! May we meet again!

BENNY HAVENS O

In boyish days we knew no foe, no name so charged with ill. As that we fought a

FINE

twelve month long, and downed as Bartlett's Phil." But later years we greet with cheers the name once fraught with

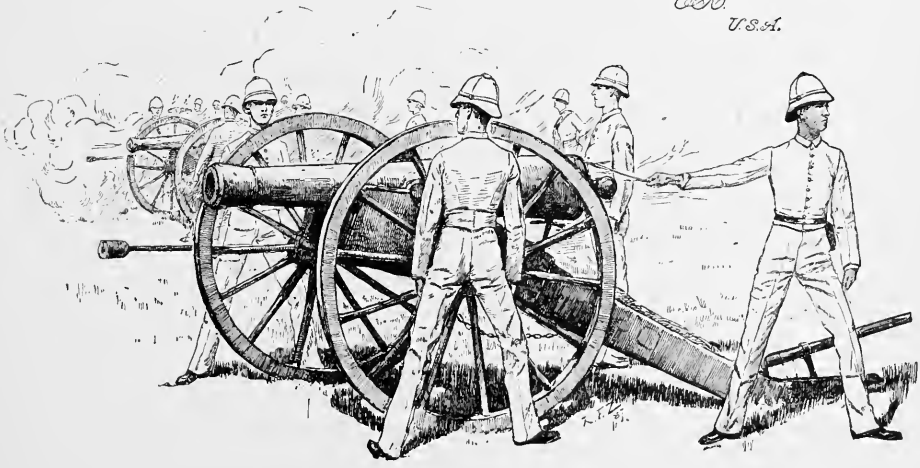
CHORUS

woe, The welkin rings for "Little Phil" at Benny Havens O. O Benny Havens

D.C.

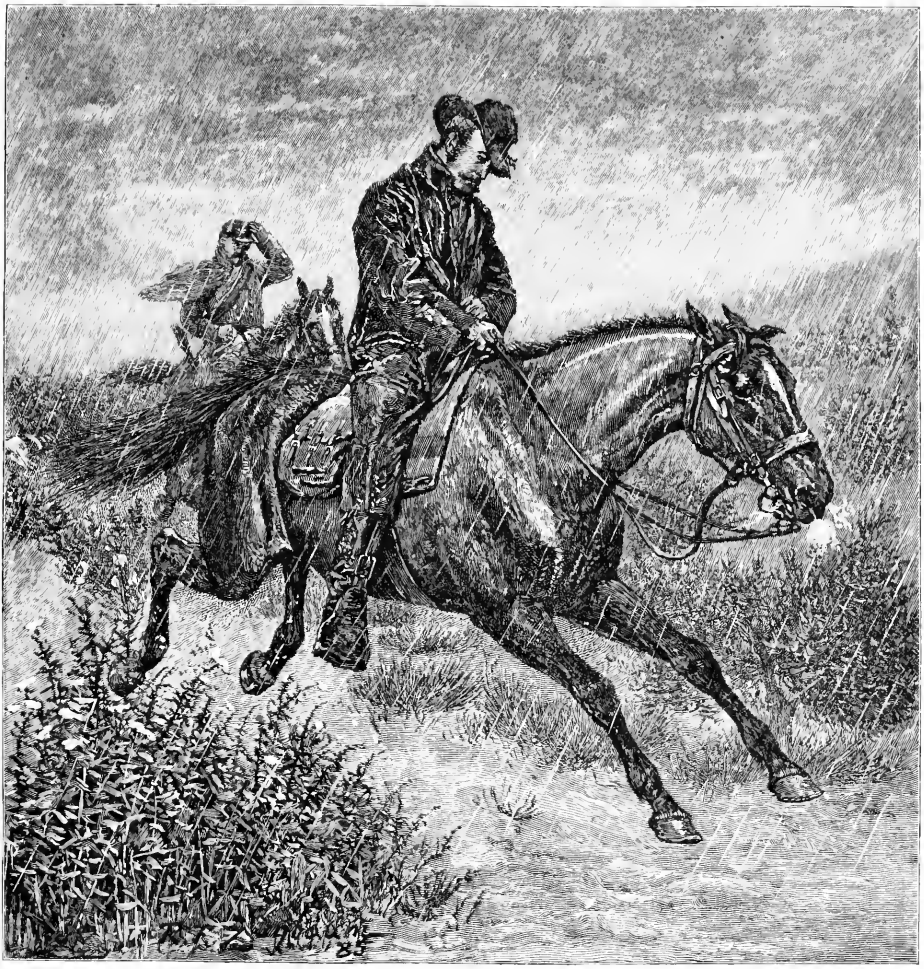
O. O Benny Havens O. The welkin rings for "Little Phil" at Ben-ny Havens O.

C.K. U.S.A.



UNITED STATES

WITH THE BLUECOATS ON THE BORDER



THE RIDE THROUGH THE RAIN.

WITH THE BLUECOATS ON THE BORDER.

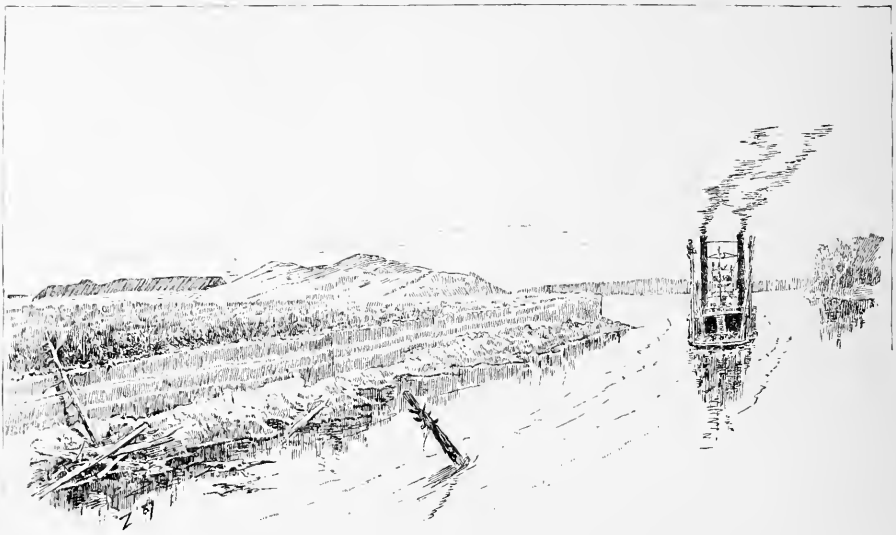
RIDE! on through the rush of the rain coming down in sheets from the unbroken gray of the sky; on over the dreary desolation of the prairie, now splashing through wide pools of water, now floundering ankle-deep through the thick, tenacious mud of the wide trail, not a living creature in sight, nothing but the brown grass of the plains stretching for miles to the misty horizon. Ride! down the slippery sides of the "coulees," through the foaming waters of the streams swirling and rushing along in yellow torrents. Up, good horses, up the steep banks, slipping and stumbling over rain-loosened stones; on over the prairie again. Ride! on towards the solitary ranch just looming through the mist away beyond there, the water streaming from our oil-skins, dripping from our soft, wide-brimmed hats, and running down the flanks of our tired horses. Ride! on up to the wide-open door of the rough mud-roofed cabin, its two lonely in-

habitants — flannel-shirted, heavily booted government teamsters—standing expectantly in front. Rustle, boys, rustle! fresh horses to carry us on to the distant river and to the boat that is to take us back again to home and friends—our only chance, perhaps, for days, if not weeks, for the season is late, and the river falling in spite of the heavy rains. The brimming cup of sweet warm milk, handed to us with ready hospitality, fresh from the cows standing in the fenced-off space behind the ranch, we drink thankfully, and then on again through the steadily increasing downpour of the rain. Ride! through the rows of sage-brush, glistening silvery blue in the wet, onward and still onward, to the bare hills miles in front of us, beyond which we know the river is swiftly flowing. Ride! guided by the endless line of poles supporting the military telegraph line that runs from the lonely frontier garrison we rode out from at daybreak this morning. Ride! past the long train of wagons, creeping slowly towards us, drawn by their patient, long-horned "bull teams," and freighted with supplies for Uncle Sam's "boys in blue," some of whom, trudging along through the mud, or peering at us from under the canvas covering of the foremost wagon, wave their hats in greeting to us. A mounted officer — rubber-coated, glistening wet — hails us, and wheeling his horse about, gallops alongside of us, with polite request to forward a forgotten message to the little outpost we are bound for. Thanking us, and with hearty "good-by, good-luck," he canters back again, riding with the free, easy, firm seat of the American cavalryman; and "slacking not speed nor drawing rein," we turn to look back at the already distant wagons as they wind along the trail, their white covers almost melting into the prevailing moist gray of the atmosphere, and relieving only against the dark expanse of prairie. Ride! up through gently rising openings in the hills now, their bare,

HURRAH! THE WILD MISSOURI!

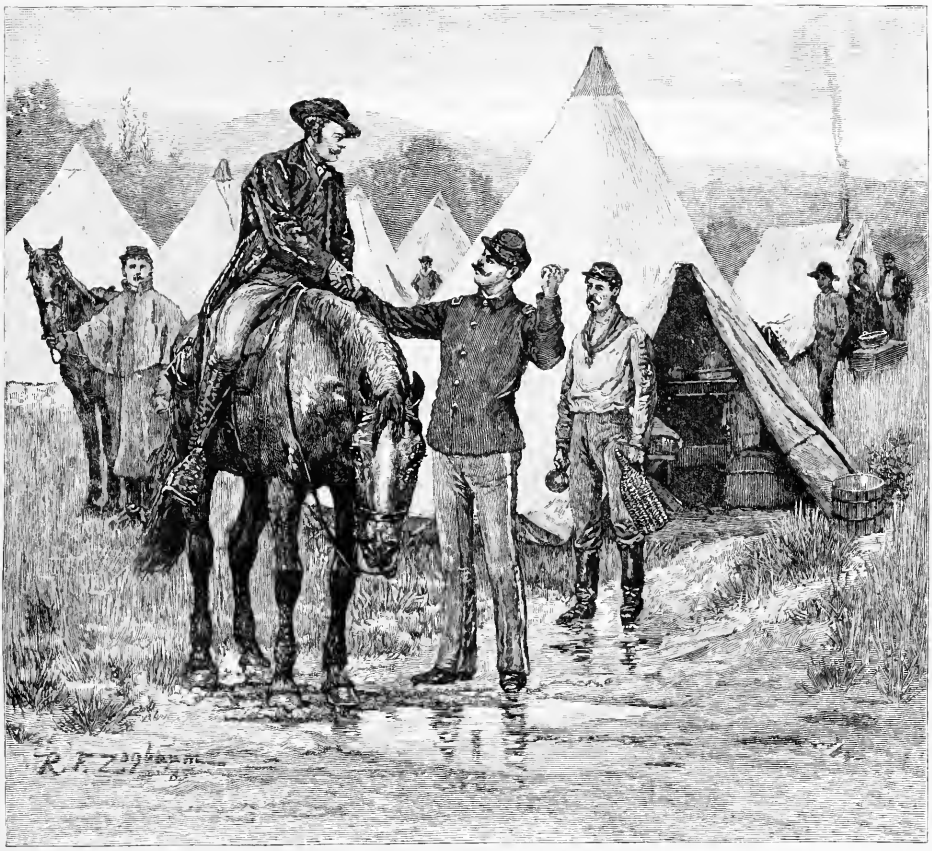
rugged sides rising high above us, the rills of water rushing down them seaming and scarring them, and spreading deep sloughs of red, sticky mud in our way. Push on! the panting horses climb steadily upward, the trail grows rougher and rougher, the mud adheres to the hoofs, we are covered with it from head to foot, save where the rain washes out little, bare, shining trails down the folds of our rubber great-coats. Ride! upward and still upward, now rounding some queer tower-shaped mass of sandstone, now sliding down some steep little descent, horses with all four feet together, haunches almost touching the ground, bringing up in a miniature sea of mud at the bottom, floundering through and climbing upward again. Ride! hour after hour, until with a final spurt we cross the butte in front of us, and there — broad, curving gracefully through the deep valley below, shining like purest silver in a sudden burst of light that breaks through the cloud masses above — there flows the "Wild Missouri." Hurrah! on once more! down the hill-side and out over the short stretch of green plain to the brink of the stream, and wet, dead tired, hungry, and thirsty, we pull up our smoking, panting horses at the log-cabin of the soldier telegraph operator, beyond which, nestling in the shelter of cotton-wood and willow trees, gleam the white walls of half a dozen tents, marking the camp of the little detachment of bluecoats, a solitary outpost of the garrison forty miles back of us over the prairie.

"No boat yet, but expect it every hour. Telegraphed at 4 A.M. from above. Probably stuck on a sand-bar. Water pretty low, and navigation slow. Come and take something!"— which hospitable offer of the young subaltern commanding the camp, wet and chilled through as we are, is gratefully accepted, and we make ourselves as comfortable as the prevailing dampness and the mosquitoes will permit. With the gathering



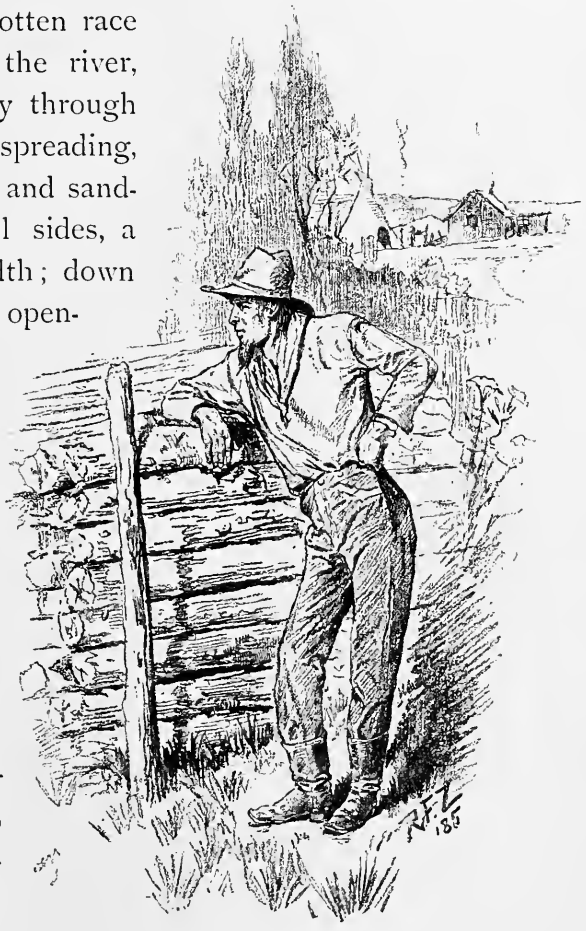
shades of evening, and as the storm-clouds are drifting away, a distant throbbing sound breaks through the calm air, and simultaneously with the long-drawn cry of, "Stea-ea-eambo-o-oat!" from the blue-coated loungers on the bank, the long expected stern-wheeler, its high chimneys rolling out volumes of smoke and showers of bright sparks, flashing like fire-flies in the gloaming, glides slowly into view, and with much ringing of bells from the pilot-house, and much vociferation and hard cursing from a very energetic and hoarse-voiced mate, comes to a stop alongside the bank, and is made fast by stout hawsers to convenient trees. Bidding farewell to our kindly young host, we seek "the seclusion that our cabin grants," and soon forget the fatigue and discomforts of the day in deep and refreshing slumber.

Early the next morning, with the first light of day, our journey down the great river begins. Onward, day after day, we steam through the wilderness, traversing scenes of weird desolation and savage beauty. On through the great high



A SOLDIER'S WELCOME.

hills rising abruptly from the water's edge; on through the "Bad Lands," with the strange, fantastically shaped "buttes" and turreted heights, pile upon pile, brightly colored in bands of red, purple, black, and yellow, rising like walls of ancient and ruined fastnesses of some bygone and long-forgotten race of giants. Down the river, now rushing rapidly through narrow banks, now spreading, broken with shoals and sandbars, far out on all sides, a mile or more in width; down the river, gradually opening up the bottom lands, the deep ravines and "coulees" running back into the hills; sometimes we see deer or antelope feeding on the banks, or rushing madly away in alarm at the approach of the noisy, smoking monster. At night we "tie up" at convenient places, for navigation is dangerous through a country where there are no light-houses or warning beacons, and on a river where the channel is so constantly changing. As the light fades away



A "WOOD-HAWK."

in the west we slacken speed and run under the high banks, when the "roosters," as the deck-hands are called, scramble up through the loose sand, dragging the heavy ropes behind them, and making them fast to trees, or to spars buried deep in the soft earth. Sometimes we stop at a "wood-yard" where some "squaw-man"—*i.e.*, white man with Indian wife—or some half-breed, solitary dwellers in the wilderness, turn an honest penny now and then by the sale of wood to the occasional passing steamer. Many of these "wood-hawks" are honest men, no doubt, but many of them are desperate characters, leading a lawless life, and as brutal in their instincts and as dangerous as the wild red men, their neighbors, and often connected with them by ties of blood through the rather loose marriage-bonds of savage life. At one of the little landing-places mentioned we hear rumors of a raid by "Vigilantes" on the desperadoes and horse-thieves who have established their haunts along the banks of the river and its tributaries, and for a long time have endangered the lives and property of the honest settlers and travellers through the sparsely settled country south of the great stream. A band of them had carried their audacity to such an extent as to attack the escort of an army paymaster *en route* to a military post to pay the troops stationed there, and although they failed in their object, at least one of the soldiers guarding the treasure had met with his death in the discharge of his duty while protecting the property of the Government.

And now, one bright morning, turning a great bend in the river, a little group of log-cabins comes in sight, their gray walls and brown, grass-grown, mud roofs contrasting with the vivid bright green of the surrounding trees. Back from the bank a little way some freight-wagons are parked, and a patch of white among the bushes indicates the site of some small

camp. "SALOON" is painted over the door of the most prominent of the half-dozen cabins, and two or three roughly clad men are standing about the door. As we approach, and our "roosters" scramble ashore and tie fast, preparatory to taking on board some logs of wood stacked up on the bank, a man springs on the deck, and running up to one of our passengers who is making preparations to land here, with an excited air hurries him back into the cabin again. From the others we learn that in the night a band of armed men had ridden into the little settlement, and going to one of the ranches, had forced the occupant—one Billy D——, a noted character, and suspected of complicity with the desperadoes of the region—to mount his horse and to ride away with them. But a few moments before our arrival the horse had returned to the ranch—riderless, and the poor woman, whose grief-stricken form we see crouching in the door-way of the "saloon," has hurried to the boat with shaking limbs and streaming eyes to warn her husband's brother not to land and share the other's unknown fate.

Smoke has been seen rising over the trees down the river, vague rumors of a fight below seem to fill the air, and the feeling of excitement communicates itself to our little group of passengers, and as the boat swings out again into the swift yellow current, and continues on her voyage down-stream, we gather along her low rails, looking out curiously and anxiously ahead at the high, sandy, tree-covered banks on either side. Rounding a long point of land running out into the river, a call from the pilot-house attracts our attention to a blackened, smoking heap of ashes on the left bank—all that is left of a ranch that had stood there—and a short distance farther down we slow up a little at the still burning ruins of another house. "It's the Jones boys' ranch," says the mate. "By Jiminy, the

cow-boys is makin' a terrible clean sweep of the kentry!" That they have not been long gone is evident. Two half-charred wagons stand in the "corral," the wooden fence of which is brightly burning, the flames licking the edge of a great wood-pile, that even as we pass bursts into flames. In a small field of waving corn joining a potato-patch the carcass of a mule is lying, while right on the bank, the red blood still flowing from a hole in its head, a large dog—a hound—is stretched lifeless. Near a pile of débris, which may have been a kitchen or other out-house of some kind, for a pot or two and tin camp-kettle are hanging from the low fire-seared branches of a tree hard by, a few chickens, shrilly cackling, are huddled together. No other sign of life is visible, and as we proceed, the quiet of the wilderness is broken only by the snort of our steam-pipes and the thump, thump, of our great wheel beating up the muddy waters. Suddenly there is a movement among the "roosters" on the deck below; they are gazing with bated breath and blanched faces at something on the river's bank. Follow the direction of their gaze, and peer into the dense thicket where, above the matted willows growing up from the black ooze, that dead tree raises its white, barkless branches like skeleton arms, as if in fearful exultation over the dreadful fruit it bears. Almost hidden from our sight by the tangle of underbrush and low trees, something is hanging there motionless and still, something formless and shadowy in the gloom of the jungle, something indistinct, but fearful in its mystery and silence, a silence rendered yet more appalling by the hoarse croaks of the black-winged ravens, ill-omened carrion birds, circling above the thicket, and fluttering on the topmost branches of the blasted tree.

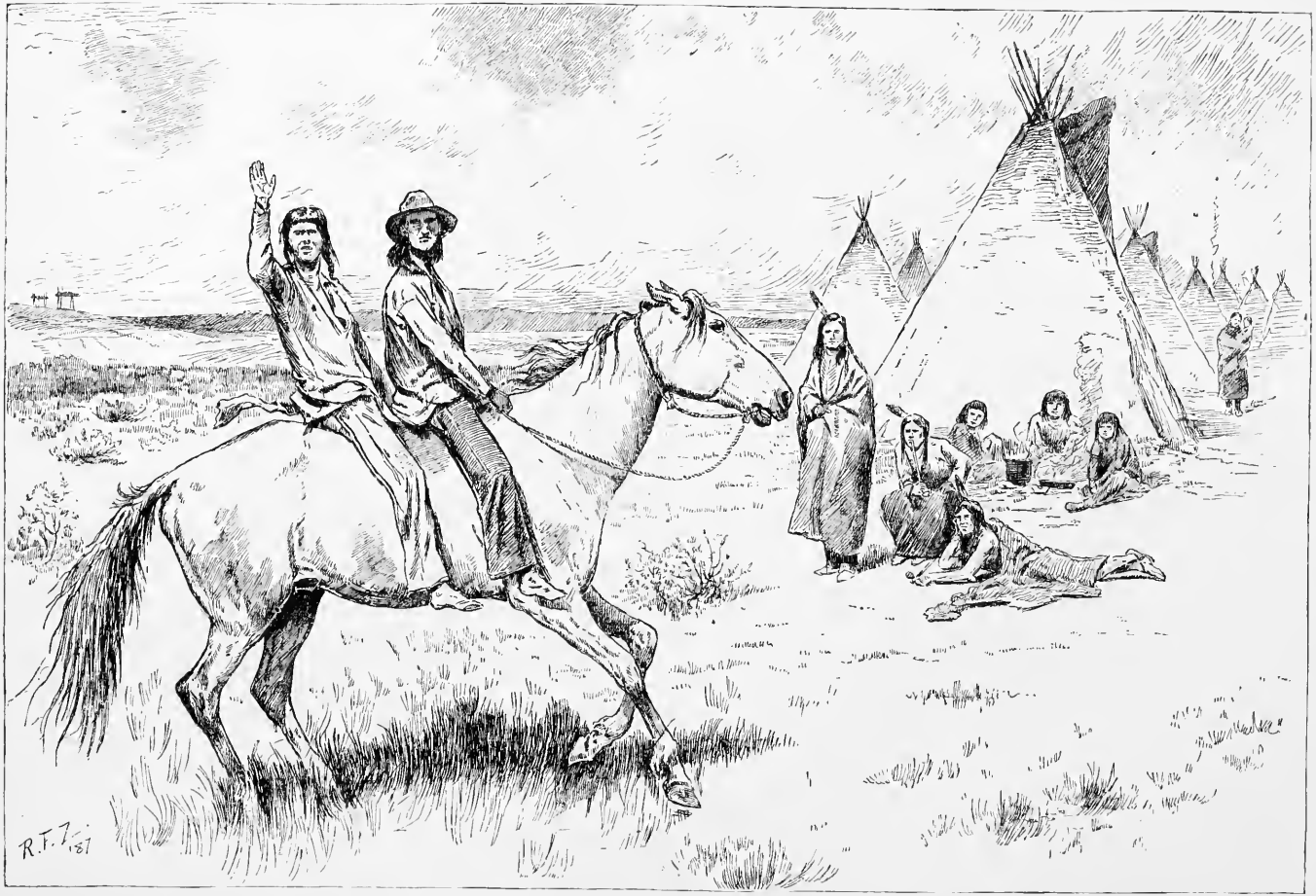
"Look! look! down thar by them cotton-woods! that's them! that's the cow-boys!" Half hidden in a mass of wild

THE "VIGILANTES."

rose-bushes, backed by the gray trunks and graceful feathery foliage of the poplars, a group of men and horses is standing. "Y'd better git inside, pardner," not unkindly speaks up the mate to our fellow-passenger, he who had been warned this morning. "Ef thar's any of them fellers knows ye they might make some trouble fer ye!" With white but determined face the young fellow enters the cabin, and buckling on his cartridge-belt and grasping his Winchester, shuts himself up in one of the state-rooms, resolved, as he expresses it, to "make 'em pay fer me ef they gets me." On glides the boat, and we gather close up to the rail, eager to see the dread horsemen, the result of whose avenging ride we have witnessed but a short half-hour ago. As the current takes the boat close inshore, and we approach nearer and nearer, they present an interesting tableau. Most of them have dismounted, and are standing at their horses' heads waist-deep in the weeds and wild-flowers, bronzed-faced, resolute-looking men, unconsciously picturesque in costume and attitude; bright-barrelled Winchesters swing across their high pommelled saddles, on which is bound the scanty baggage of the cow-boy, while a few pack-mules quietly crop the grass a few paces in their rear under the care of their driver. They are evidently under some discipline, for no one else moves as a tall, handsome, blond-bearded man, flannel-shirted, high-booted, with crimson silk kerchief tied loosely, sailor fashion, around his sunburnt neck, advances to the water's edge, and with courteous wave of broad-brimmed hat hails the boat. Clang! goes the gong; the big wheel stops. The stranger politely requests information about the purchase of some supplies, and inquires as to the news up the river. Many on board recognize him for a man of wealth and education well known in the Territory, but nothing is said as to the errand of himself and his men in this distant wild region.

During our parley his men remain quietly at their posts, and when their leader, his questions answered, returns towards them, and we move on again, we can see them mount and ride off over the hills in a straggling, dust-enveloped little column.

Down the river, now slowly and cautiously scraping over the wide sand-bars, now swiftly gliding along, aided by the rapid flowing current; down the river through the Country of Hell, with its broad desert plains and barren brown hills, inky black where the moving clouds cast their shadows; down the river past old abandoned Indian trading-posts fast crumbling into ruin, past the lonely military telegraph-station, where we learn of the passage of a "dugout," with its crew of fugitive desperadoes flying from the wrath of the cow-boys; down the river between perpendicular sand-banks, crumbling away at the touch of the "rollers" caused by the passage of our boat, scaring up flocks of wild-geese, and swift-flying, blue-winged heron; down the river through lovely prairies covered with waving grasses and gayly colored wild-flowers, into the Indian country, until, looking across one of the long, flat, outrunning points of land that mark the constantly recurring curves of the river, there, shining in the morning sun, the distant buildings of the military post, our destination, gleam bright under the blue, white, and scarlet folds of the national standard floating gracefully out from its tall pole against the deep warm purple of the sky beyond. Hundreds of Indian tepees are scattered over the wide plain, and at our approach we can see the inmates hurrying to the banks to watch the arrival of the great steamer. Wild-looking savages, their faces smeared with streaks of bright vermilion or orange, are watering their horses, their gaudily clothed forms reflecting straight down in the mirror-like surface of the water; some half-clad lads, who, lying prone upon their bellies and leaning far over the high banks,



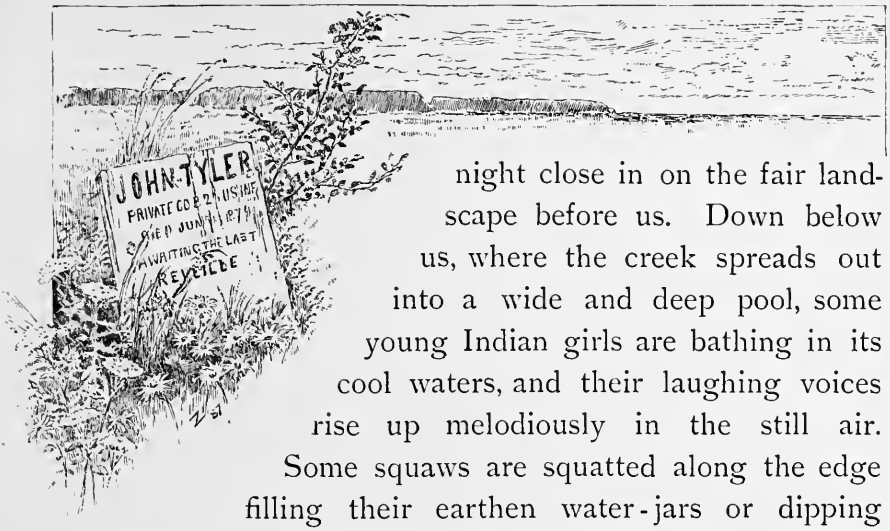
A RACE WITH THE BOAT.

have been fishing in the stream, pull in their lines and race along the shore, their coarse black hair floating out behind, and their bronze-colored, naked limbs moving with untrammelled ease, as they easily keep pace with the boat; young bucks mounted on half-tamed ponies gallop along, and mingle with the throng, the white sombreros and light blue uniforms of the Indian police contrast strangely with the party-colored rags of their fellow-savages. As we slowly paddle up to the landing we make our preparations to land, recognizing our acquaintances in the little group of shoulder-strapped bluecoats near the ambulance, which has just been drawn up to the bank by its team of four strong mules, and are soon exchanging greetings with our friends.

"Here, sergeant, this baggage to my quarters, please. Now, then, all aboard! Fire away, driver!" And with crack of long-thonged whip and simultaneous lashing out of four pair of iron-shod heels, away we go over the prairie to the post. Hi, mules! rattle along through the tepees, dusky faces peering through the dark openings in their sides; swing around the corner past the Agent's house, into the broad road by the Agency buildings, past the trader's stores with the lounging red-skins sunning themselves, leaning against the rough, mud-plastered walls, or going in and out of the open door-way; doff your hats, gentlemen, to smiling, prettily dressed lady driving by in pony-cart. Rattle along, mules, past the log-huts of the Indian scouts, with the little, half-naked, black-eyed children scurrying hastily away to the shelter of their roofs, to where the squaws are seated on the ground by the fires in the open air, or engaged in some menial work—past the group of white-sheeted, painted-faced young bucks gambling for cartridges on the road-side—out again on the dusty plain through outlying tepees—up to the trim, clean "adobe" barracks of the soldiers,

looking over the parade—past the many-barrelled Gatlings, grimly pointing towards the village, to the "adobe" houses of "The Row." Swing around! past the guard-house, white-gloved sentry rattling his glittering rifle smartly to shoulder in salute, and bring up at the hospitably opened door of our genial host's quarters, where soon nearly all the officers of the little garrison are gathered, eager for news of what is going on in the outer world, and full of kindly offers of their services. The events that have taken place up the river are already known to them: four men had been killed, and their bodies consumed by the fire, at the fight at the Joneses' ranch, others had been captured and hanged, and some—number unknown—had escaped. Orders have been received from below to look out for the fugitives, as some of them are suspected of being members of the band that "jumped" the paymaster some weeks ago. The scouts are out even now, but have not been heard from as yet, and these horse-thieves are so well acquainted with the country that, provided they don't get starved out somewhere, it will be a difficult matter to catch them. In a low, whitewashed room in a rough log-cabin by the post-trader's stores dinner is served for the bachelors' mess, and we fall to heartily, and thoroughly enjoy the bountiful and palatable fare, after the monotony of the scanty *menu* of the boat with our sometimes not over-nice table companions.

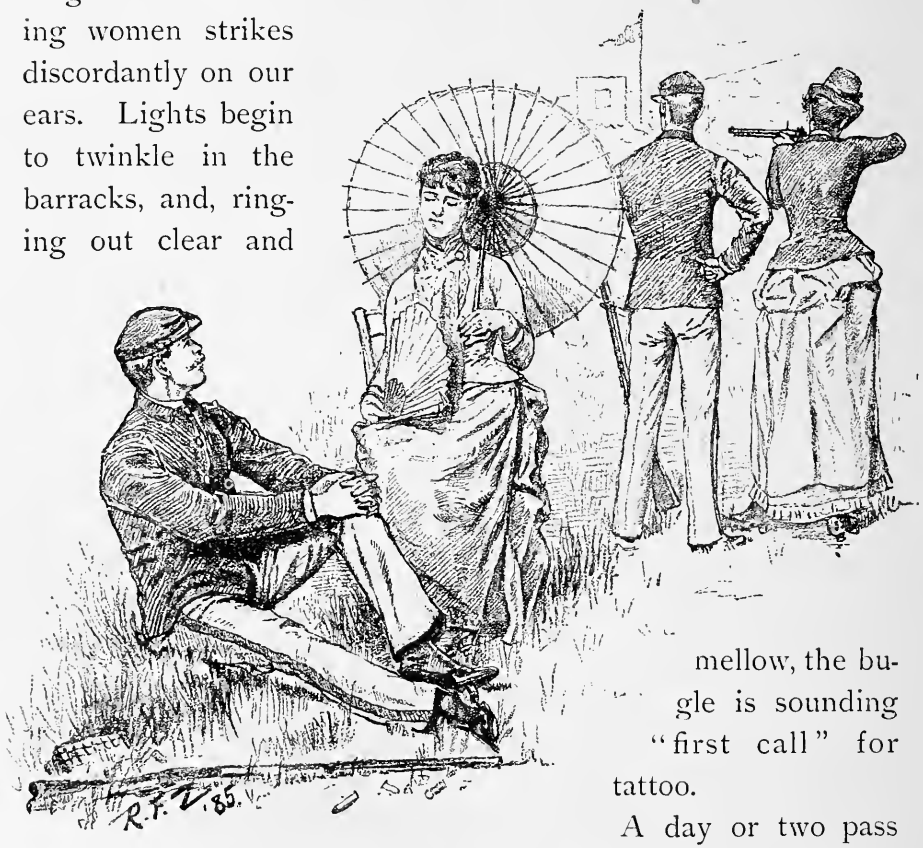
Retreat has been sounded; the flag, opening out its graceful folds, comes waving down the tall staff simultaneously with the thunder of the evening gun; and we cross the parade for a stroll out along the banks of the creek that flows tranquilly over its sandy bed in the deep ravine in rear of the post. Although the sun has disappeared, the western sky is all aglow with his light, and it is the pleasantest time of the day, this long hour of the Northern twilight, before the shadows of



night close in on the fair landscape before us. Down below us, where the creek spreads out into a wide and deep pool, some young Indian girls are bathing in its cool waters, and their laughing voices rise up melodiously in the still air. Some squaws are squatted along the edge filling their earthen water-jars or dipping their struggling, squawling little papooses, clothes and all, into the stream.

Following the path along the bluff towards the high ground in our front, stopping for a moment at some graves fenced in with neat white palings, where some poor fellows are silently "awaiting the last reveille," as we see is inscribed in rude characters on the little head-boards, we climb to the top of the mound, and, turning, look back at the scene below us. At our feet lies the little fort, with its square parade-ground flanked by the "Officers' Row" opposite the barracks of the men, and at either end by the guard-house and quartermaster's stores and offices and the post hospital. We can see the soldiers gathered about the doors of their quarters, while in the open space between the fort and the Agency buildings, standing white and straggling beyond, and rising above the tepees grouped near by, some young Indians are racing their horses, yelling and whooping like fiends. Still farther beyond, where we can see the shining, curving river, and the creek emptying its waters into it, the village is lying, the smoke from its many

fires melting into the air above. Very gradually the light fades, gray shadows are stealing over the prairie, where the great herd of Agency cattle is slowly moving; the platforms on which the red-skins deposit the bodies of their dead stand out on the mounds black against the sky, and the weird, sobbing wail of mourning women strikes discordantly on our ears. Lights begin to twinkle in the barracks, and, ringing out clear and mellow, the bugle is sounding "first call" for tattoo.



FAIR SHARP-SHOOTERS.

A day or two pass quietly and uneventfully. We visit the range, and waste some ammunition at the big targets with the men, and sometimes, the regular practice over, some of the ladies—no mean shots—join us at the "butts." We roam about the village and Agency, and scrape acquaintance with many of our

red brethren, sometimes sitting in their tepees and endeavoring to learn as much as we can of the mysteries of the sign language, and to master some of their guttural phrases. Once, while chatting in the quarters, a well-built, rather fine-looking savage flattens his nose against the window-pane, shading his glittering eyes with his hand and gazing curiously into the room. "By Jove! one of your professional brethren, a Simon-pure American artist, as you shall see. We must have the fellow in here;" and our host beckons to the Indian, who the next moment stalks calmly into the room, and with a guttural "how" and shake of the hand with one and all of us, seats himself without further ceremony on the floor. Lighting a cigarette which we hand him, he folds his hands over his knees, and with half-shut eyes lazily puffs away for a few moments, when, thrusting one hand into the breast of his tunic, he draws out a piece of white muslin, which he unfolds and spreads out on the floor before him, disclosing a colored drawing of the "Sun Dance," executed in the conventional Indian manner, and with a näive attention to detail of costume and "local color." This done, he placidly resumes his smoking again. We express due admiration of his talent, and our friends indulging in much good-natured chaff as to the advisability of our purchase of this specimen of aboriginal art, the time and trouble saved us in sketching by our doing so, and the great addition it would be to the art treasures of some gallery in the East, we open negotiations by placing a silver dollar on the floor alongside of the picture. The artist scarcely lifts his heavy eyelids, but slowly blowing a long, thin line of smoke from between his thick lips, he raises his hand indolently and holds up three grimy fingers, muttering in a hoarse voice the word "dollar." We shake our heads negatively, and after a long silence he indicates by signs, twice waving his arm from

left to right, describing a semicircle above his head, that it has taken two days to produce this masterpiece, and then extending his three fingers again, blandly and sleepily murmurs "dollar." Inspired by a happy thought, we prevail upon him to stand up for a moment, and seizing our sketch-block, we proceed to make a rough sketch of our brother-artist, filling in the outline with quick washes of color, and tearing off the leaf, we hand the drawing to our sitter.

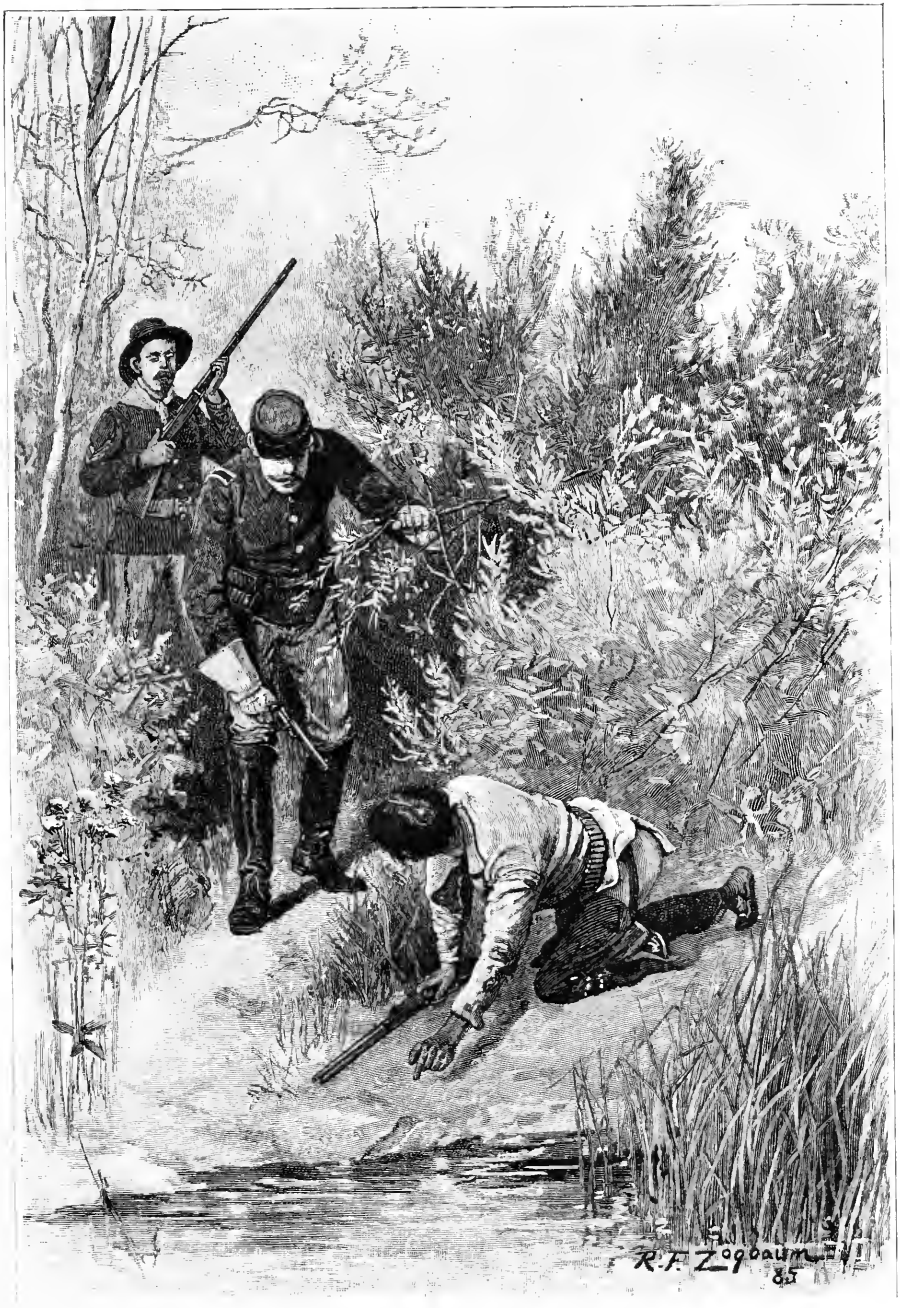
Never shall we forget the expression of wonder and admiration — we say this with all due humility — that passes over the face of the poor, ignorant savage. His stolid demeanor vanishes at once, he laughs aloud, jumping up and down and holding the paper to his breast with both hands. Suddenly he picks up the painted bit of muslin and presses it into our hands with smiling face and head nodding violently, and then, placing our drawing in his bosom, he folds his blanket about him and stalks out of the room. Proudly we gaze about us; at last our genius has met with undoubted recognition; and when at the next season's exhibition the critics mercilessly "go for" our great picture — that we are going to paint — we can calmly look back to this episode in our career, and know that for once at least our powers have been truly appreciated. Candor compels us to admit, however, that when our admirer picked up his own work of art and forced it into our willing hands, he did not forget to pick up the silver dollar too—and he kept it.

One warm, sunshiny afternoon, two or three days after our arrival at the post, as we lounge in a rocking-chair in the "sitting-room" of the quarters, enjoying a quiet smoke and discussing the news from a pile of journals just arrived by the semi-weekly mail—which has to be brought on horseback or by buck-board nearly a hundred miles over the prairie from

the nearest stage station—the oft-repeated tap-tap-r-r-ratatattat of the drum over by the commandant's office, and a subdued sound of voices near the barracks, rouse us up from our half-reclining attitude, and we step to the window to see what reason there is for the unusual stir. Two sweat-covered horses stand with heaving flanks, heads bowed down, necks out-stretched, before the door of the office, and an Indian scout squats on the ground beside them, holding the bridles loosely in his hand. In spite of his air of stolid indifference, his disordered dress — loose gray shirt, mud-splashed blue regulation trousers, bead-embroidered, yellow-fringed, and betasselled buckskin leggings — show that he has ridden hard and fast. Through the open door, standing hat in hand by the desk of the commandant, who, seated in his office-chair, half turns around and looks up into the speaker's face, we see the half-

breed chief of the scouts as he eagerly and somewhat excitedly makes his report. The door of the quarters next to ours opens, and a young officer, booted and in field-dress, great-coat over his arm, revolver swinging in its leather holster at his side, comes forth and hurries across the parade, calling out to us, in answer to our hail, "The scouts have corralled the thieves up on the Birdtail, and we're going to fetch them in."

Over by the barracks the men detailed for the duty are busily engaged preparing for the march, rolling up their great gray blankets, slinging on haversacks and canteens, and buckling the canvas prairie belts filled with brass-sphered, leaden-headed cartridges. One by one they emerge from the doorways of their quarters, and "falling in," rifle in hand, answer to their names as the roll is called by the sergeants. Rattling up from the corral come the wagons that are to convey the soldiers across the prairie to the place to which the bandits have been traced. The scouts mount their jaded horses and ride off again, while the young lieutenant raises his hand to cap-peak as he receives his final instructions. "Fours right, 'aarch! Forrud, guide left!" and the soldiers move with measured step across the parade-ground to the waiting wagons. "Fours left, 'aarch! halt, right dress, *hrrunt!*" the little detachment stands in line, while the senior sergeant, saluting, turns it over to the command of the officer. Sturdy, hardy fellows this little company of American infantrymen, from that veteran weather-beaten soldier on the right there to the blond-haired, red-cheeked lad, who has but recently joined with the last batch of recruits from the east, looking in their easy-fitting, serviceable blue uniforms ready for anything that may turn up from a game of base-ball to a fight with the savages, for the nonce their allies; for the Agency people are stirring too, and a wild and motley procession of Indians, mounted and dismounted,



A HOT TRAIL.

with painted faces and in all sorts of grotesque costumes, is already moving out to help search the jungle for the hiding wretches. Without further delay the men tumble into the wagons and are pulled out on the prairie.

At dawn next morning, accompanying the commandant, we drive out to the scene of the hunt, for veritable hunt it is, and that after the noblest of all game—human beings imaged like ourselves. Where a high bluff overhangs for miles a wide morass, a thick, almost impenetrable jungle of dwarf willows, so

THE CAPTIVES.

matted and interlaced that the light of day searcely can penetrate through the dense covering of their leaves, is the place where the scouts have first discovered signs of the fugitives. Beyond flows the river, so that their skiff, having been found and captured, under cover of the night, by the chief scout, who, swimming and wading the stream from the opposite shore, had towed the boat away from its hiding-place, the escape of the desperadoes is cut off by way of the water. We find the bluff picketed along its whole extent by the troops, some of whom stand, rifle in hand, looking out over the swamp, from which the mists of the morning are slowly rising, while others are gathered about an occasional small fire, warming their chilled frames and hastily cooking a frugal breakfast.

Down in the thickets the scouts and some of the soldiers, aided by their savage allies, are beating the bush and scattering rifle-shots, and a yell now and then from the Indians indicate that the trail is hot. Hot it may be, but the pursuit is soon given up, for, with the exception of a bloody coat and a revolver, nothing more is found after the capture of some miserable, desperate wretches, who, making but slight resistance, surrender on recognizing the Government uniform. Miserable-looking wretches they are, as, guarded by the vigilant soldiers, they are marched into the post. Wild-eyed and haggard, covered with mud and dirt, their brier-torn clothing hanging in shreds from their frames, emaciated with hunger, one of them with bullet-torn arm bound in blood-stained bandages, their abject appearance well proves that "the way of the transgressor is hard," as they are securely confined in the lock-up of the guard-house, there to await what fate has in store for them.

The ripple of excitement on the usually calm surface of life in the remote frontier fort caused by the raid has subsided, and the garrison settles down into the monotonous routine of its

AN ATTACK ON AN INDIAN VILLAGE.

every-day work. Hay and wood for the coming long winter are being cut and brought in, quarters are repaired; sometimes we drive out for a shot at the prairie-chickens, or visit the Agency, watching the distribution of rations to the Indians, or going about with the Agent or his assistants, studying the methods by which the savage is being schooled in the way of life of

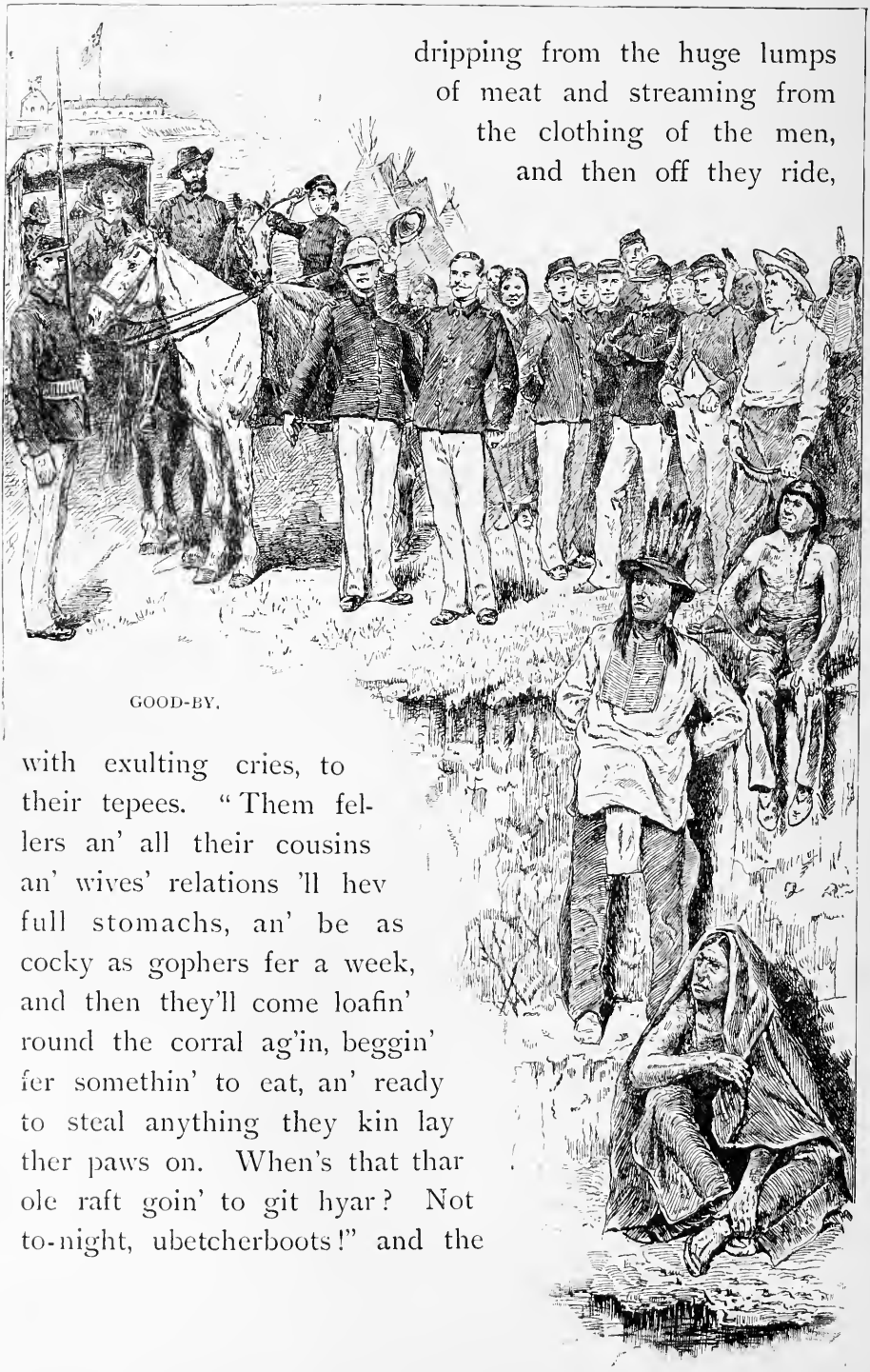
the white man. And a strange sight it is to see a hundred or two fantastically attired braves working away under the hot sun with pick and shovel at the great irrigating ditch which is to convert the grass-grown plain into a garden of plenty, and who but a short year or so ago would have disdained to occupy themselves with anything but the pleasures of the chase, varied by an occasional murder of defenceless white men, with their wives and little children. But the buffalo, whose countless bleaching skulls dot the wide prairies for hundreds of miles, have become almost extinct, and starvation and the swift blue riders of the Waseetcha, scouring the country through and falling upon the scattered villages, bearing dire vengeance under the silken folds of their starry guidons, have tamed the wild savages into sulky submission, and have gathered them in on their reservations.

The time for our departure is at hand. From the top of the guard-house the lookout has signalled "smoke way up the river," where the boat, probably the last one down this season, is slowly making its way through the now almost unnavigable channel. We make our farewell calls on the families of our kind entertainers, and once more climbing into the waiting ambulance, rattle away to the landing-place. It is late in the evening, and the river shines like fluid gold under the bright light of the sky: before us the land opposite stretches away flat to the round buttes on the far horizon; naked trees, where a fire has scorched their limbs, rise up out of the purple undergrowth and stand out against the sky in fantastic shapes; far out over the plain some figures, men and horses, are moving.

Patiently we wait near a huge pile of buffalo robes and other freight; the usual curve in the river prevents a sight of the steamboat, but we can see her smoke rising over the trees, where she seems to be stationary. "Stuck on the bar, I'll bet

my boots!" says a great, long-limbed teamster, stretched at full length on the pile of skins; "Injin Charlie told me this mornin' that he an' Chicken waded the river at the Pint yesturday. I don't believe she'll git down as fer as this to-night; the water is turrible low." Still we wait, loath to give up. The crowd of loungers — Indians, Agency and traders' employés, soldiers —sit or stand about in picturesque groups, a wagon filled with ladies and children from the fort forms the centre of our own little party, the occupants' soft, pleasant voices and ripples of laughter as we chat together forming a strange contrast to the yells of the half-grown redskins playing at some savage game in the long grass behind us. Grayer grows the light; the smoke over the trees above there rises in two straight columns in exactly the same place where we had first seen it. "Blessed ef them Injins ain't found buffler," says the teamster, as a yell comes across the water and is taken up and repeated by a score of wild voices on our shore. The figures on the opposite bank—three horsemen—the horses loaded down with some dark burden hanging way down on their flanks, have approached nearer, and moving out on a point of sand, seem to be debating together where to cross the river. They dismount and wade out into the stream, leading the horses, which we can now see are freighted with huge pieces of deep red, raw flesh, behind them. Curiously we watch them as they wade deeper and deeper into the water, now rising to their waists. The current is running strong, and the horses are showing signs of uneasiness as they seem to brace themselves against the swift-flowing tide. "There, one of 'em is down! No he ain't!" They plunge forward deeper into the stream, and strike out for the shore, the Indians swimming behind them, and grasping their tails floating out on the water. They arrive without accident and climb up the steep bank, the water

dripping from the huge lumps of meat and streaming from the clothing of the men, and then off they ride,



GOOD-BY.

with exulting cries, to their tepees. "Them fellers an' all their cousins an' wives' relations 'll hev full stomachs, an' be as cocky as gophers fer a week, and then they'll come loafin' round the corral ag'in, beggin' fer somethin' to eat, an' ready to steal anything they kin lay ther paws on. When's that thar ole raft goin' to git hyar? Not to-night, ubetcherboots!" and the

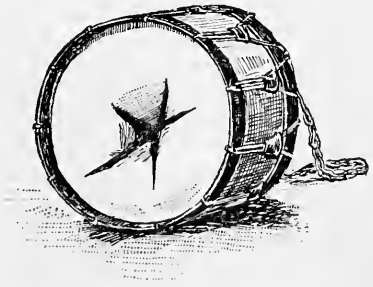
teamster, lazily raising his huge frame on one elbow, gazes up the river for a moment, and then, sliding down from his observatory on the pile of skins, lounges heavily off up the road.

The mosquitoes are out in swarms now and are troublesome enough, in spite of the sage-brush fires that have been kindled here and there on the bank, and into which, some distance below us, the "bucks" are amusing themselves by firing a shot now and then, scattering the sparks in all directions, and laughing and yelling in savage glee at their rather dangerous pastime. Deeper and deeper grow the shades of evening. The moon rises red and angry, and casts long, quivering reflections down into the water. "She cometh not, he said," parodies a musical voice from the wagon; "you will have to put up with our rude frontier accommodations for another night, I fancy." It looks, indeed, as if it were useless to tarry any longer to-night; so, nothing loath as far as enjoying "the rude frontier accommodations" for another night is concerned, we drive back to the post in the darkness. It is late on the following afternoon before the boat finally gets over the bar and steams up to the landing, and we once more bid farewell to our good friends, this time really to leave them.

Down the river once more; sometimes aground for hours on mud-banks and sand-bars, literally wading over them inch by inch with the help of our huge spars; sometimes running free and swift with the deep, fast-flowing current; down the river past more Indian villages and trading-posts, past green hills, white-streaked where the gypsum crops through, reminding one of the English downs, across the reservation-lines, past a "ranch" or two—outlying pioneer posts of westward-marching civilization—down the river into boundless tracts of oats and grain and great waving fields of corn, past large, prosperous-looking farms and great ranches, on under the iron railway

bridge to the levee of the busy little frontier city. Hi, mules! drag the ramshackle cab up the steep bank, rattle through the dusty, unpaved streets, flanked by the one-storied wooden shops and numberless drinking-"saloons," with here and there, towering above its neighbors, a brand-new brick or stone edifice, its front covered with sign-boards bright with fresh paint and gilded lettering. Ho! ho! there's a newspaper-office! there are sidewalks, street lamps, telegraph-poles, and corner loafers, and, by Jove, a soda-water fountain! Well, we *are* in civilization again!

And now, as we stand on the rear platform of the "sleeper" on the Atlantic Express this fine evening, looking back over the long perspective of the rails as we fly over them homeward bound, we take back with us to the far East grateful remembrances of the kind and "comradely" treatment we have met with at the hands of the American soldier, and a thorough appreciation of the hardships and privations, the dangers and vicissitudes of his life on the wild frontier — an honorable life of faithful performance of his arduous duties and of devotion to his colors.



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Horse, foot and dragoons

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